The Second BOOK

Of the WORKS of

Mr. *FRANCIS RABELAIS*,

Doctor In

Physick:

Treating of the Heroick Deeds and Sayings of the good

PANTAGRUEL.

Written Originally in the

FRENCH TONGUE,

And now faithfully Translated into

ENGLISH.

By *S. T. U. C.*

Εὐνοεῖ εὐλογεῖ καὶ εὐπράττε,

Mean, ſpeak, and do well.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Baddeley*, within the middle *Temple*-gate. 1653.

FOR THE

Reader.

THE Reader *here may be pleaſed to take notice, that the Copy of Verſes by the title of* Rablophila, *premiſed to the firſt book of this Tranſlation, being but a kinde of mock-Poem, in imitation of ſomewhat lately publiſhed, (as to any indifferent Obſerver will eaſily appear, by the falſe quantities in the* Latine, *the abuſive ſtrain of the* Engliſh, *and extravagant ſubſcription to both,) and as ſuch, by a friend of the Tranſlators, at the deſire of ſome frolick Gentlemen of his acquaintance (more for a trial of skill, then prejudicacie to any,) compoſed in his jollity, to pleaſe their fancies; was only ordained to be prefixed to a dozen of books, and no more, thereby to ſave the labour of tranſcribing ſo many, as were requiſite for ſatisfying the curioſity of a*

company of juſt that number; and that therefore the charging of the whole Impreſſion with it, is meerly to be imputed to the negligence of the Preſſe-men, who receiving it about the latter end of the night, were ſo eager before the next morning to afford compleat books, that as they began, they went on, without animadverting what was recommended to their diſcretion: This is hoped will ſuffice to aſſure the ingenuous Reader, *that in no Treatiſe of the Tranſlators, (whether Original or Tranſlatitious) ſhall willingly be offered the meaneſt rub to the reputation of any worthy Gentleman, and that however Providence diſpoſe of him, no misfortune ſhall be able to induce his minde to any complacency in the diſparagement of another.*

Again.

The Pentateuch *of* Rabelais, *mentioned in the title page of the firſt book of this Tranſlation, being written Originally in the* French *Tongue, (as it comprehendeth ſome of its bruskeſt dialects,) with ſo much ingenioſitie, and wit, that more impreſſions have been ſold thereof in that language, then of any other book, that hath been ſet forth at any time, within theſe fifteen hundred yeares: ſo difficult nevertheleſſe to be turned into any other ſpeech, that many prime ſpirits in moſt of the Nations of* Europe, *ſince the*

the yeare 1573. (which was fourescore yeares ago) after having attempted it, were constrained (with no ſmall regret) to give it over, as a thing impoſſible to be done, is now in its Tranſlation thus farre advanced, and the remainder faithfully undertaken with the ſame hand to be rendered into Engliſh by a Perſon of quality, who (though his lands be ſequeſtred, his houſe garriſoned, his other goods ſold, and himſelf detained a Priſoner of warre at London, for his having been at Worceſter fight) hath, at the moſt earneſt intreaty of ſome of his eſpecial friends, well acquainted with his inclination to the performance of conducible ſingularities promiſed, beſides his verſion of theſe two already publiſhed, very ſpeedily to offer up unto this Iſle of Britaine, the virginity of the Tranſlation of the other three moſt admirable books of the aforeſaid Author; provided that by the plurality of judicious and underſtanding men it be not declared, he hath already proceeded too farre, or that the continuation of the rigour whereby he is diſpoſſeſt of all his both real and perſonal eſtate, by preſſing too hard upon him, be not an impediment thereto, and to other more eminent undertakings of his, as hath beene oftentimes very fully mentioned by the ſaid Tranſlatour, in ſeveral original Treatiſes of his own penning, lately by him ſo numerouſly

rously dispersed, that there is scarce any, who being skilful in the English *Idiome, or curious of any new ingenious invention, hath not either read them, or heard of them.*

The

The *ERRATAES* of the Firſt Book.

Upon the margin of the firſt eight verſes. IXLX GPX

PAge 13. line 11. for *pray* read *pray'y* p. 26. *marg.* for *fermele* r. *fermee.* p. 36. l. 22. for *monocorſing* r. *monocordiſing.* p. 37. l. 19. for *Seamſters* r. *Seamſtreſſes.* p. 46. l. 16. for *borne* r. *carried.* p. 15. l. 25. for *arſwerſie* r. *arſiverſie.* p. 79. l. 18. for *hoparymated* r. *hopurymated.* p. 90. l. 29. for *purſley* r. *parſley.* p. 92. l. 5. for *kiriele* r. *kiriels.* p. 107. l. 28. for *ſore* r. *fore.* p. 113. l. 21. for *charantou* r. *charanton.* p. 123. l. 5. for *Suedevede* r. *gue de vede.* p. 123. l. 16. for *ſtuſſed* r. *ſtuffed.* p. 127. l. 5. for *blade* r. *blades.* p. 149. l. 24. for *entrance* r. *entrance there.* p. 157. l. 19. for *maronſle* r. *maraiſie.* p. 159. l. 7. for *feet* r. *foot.* p. 161. l. 25. for *in ran him* r. *ran him in.* p. 176 l. 9. for *elder tree* r. *alder-tree.* p. 177. l. 21. for *mae, vi* r. *ma vie.* p. 184. l. 22. for *ough* r. *cough.* p. 186. l. 19. for *ſable.* r. *ſhable.* p. 192. l. 8. for *five* r. *ſix.* p. 196. l. 18. for *vertebra* r. *vertcber.* p. 200. l. 15. for *five* r. *ſix.* p. 201. l. 2. for *argy. and* r. *Argy, this of* St. *Nazarand* p. 224. l 16. for *gnaw* r. *grow.* p. 242. l. 9. for *ſparrow-hawks* r. *ſparhawks.* p. 251. l. 20. for *they* r *they'l.* p. 253. l. 15. for *left* r. *loſt.*

The *EKRATA* of the Second Book.

PAge 4 *of the Prologue.* line 17. for *roll-book* r. *jollie book.* p. 2. l. 19. for *their regular* r. *the irregular.* p 18. l. 3. for *be the* r. *be they.* p. 26. l. 31 for *bury* r. *burne* p 49. l. 14. for *bumſquicbracker.* r. *bumſquibcraker.* p. 77. l. 27. for *thirſt* r. *thruſt.* p. 80. l. 22. for *patains* r. *patins.*

Mr. HUGH SALEL TO Rabelais.

IF profit mix'd with pleaſure may ſuffice,
T' extoll an Authors worth above the skies,
Thou certainly for both muſt praiſed be:
I know it; for thy judgement hath in the
Contexture of this book ſet down ſuch high
Contentments, mingled with utility:
That (as I think) I ſee *Democritus*
Laughing at men as things ridiculous:
Inſiſt in thy deſigne; for though we prove
Ungrate on earth, thy merit is above.

THE AUTHORS Prologue.

MOst Illuſtrious and thrice valourous Champions, Gentlemen and others, who willingly apply your mindes to the entertainment of pretty conceits, and honeſt harmleſſe knacks of wit: You have not long ago ſeen, read and underſtood the great and ineſtimable Chronicle of the huge and mighty Gyant Gargantua, *and like upright Faithfulliſts, have firmly beleeved all to be true that is contained in them, and have very often paſt your time with them, amongſt Honourable Ladies and Gentlewomen, telling them faire long ſtories, when you were out of all other talk, for which you are worthy of great praiſe and ſempiternal memory: and I do heartily wiſh that every man would lay aſide his own buſineſſe, meddle no more with his Profeſſion nor Trade, and throw all affaires concerning himſelf behinde his back, to attend this wholly, without diſtracting or troubling his minde with*

with any thing elſe, until he have learned them without book; that if by chance the Art of printing ſhould ceaſe, or in caſe that in time to come all books ſhould periſh, every man might truly teach them unto his children, and deliver them over to his ſucceſſors and ſurvivors from hand to hand, as a religious Cabal; *for there is in it more profit, then a rabble of great pockie Loggerheads are able to diſcern, who ſurely underſtand far leſſe in theſe little merriments, then the foole* Raclet *did in the inſtitutions of* Juſtinian.

I have known great and mighty Lords, and of thoſe not a few, who going a Deer-hunting, or a hawking after wilde Ducks, when the chaſe had not encountred with the blinks, that were caſt in her way to retard her courſe, or that the Hawk did but plaine *and ſmoothly fly without moving her wings, perceiving the prey by force of flight to have gained bounds of her, have been much chafed and vexed, as you underſtand well enough; but the comfort unto which they had refuge, and that they might not take cold, was to relate the ineſtimable deeds of the ſaid* Gargantua. *There are others in the world, (Theſe are no flimflam ſtories, nor tales of a tub) who being much troubled with the tooth-ache, after they had ſpent their goods upon Phyſicians, without receiving at all any eaſe of their pain, have found no more ready remedy, then to put the ſaid* Chronicles *betwixt two pieces of*

linnen cloth made ſomewhat hot, and ſo apply them to the place that ſmarteth, ſynapiſing them with a little powder of projection, otherwayes called doribus.

But what ſhall I ſay of thoſe poor men, that are plagued with the Pox and the Gowt? O how often have we ſeen them, even immediately after they were anointed and throughly greaſed, till their faces did gliſter like the Key-hole of a powdering tub, their teeth dance like the jacks of a paire of little Organs or Virginals, when they are played upon, and that they foamed from their very throats like a boare, which the Mongrel Maſtiffe-hounds have driven in, and overthrown amongſt the foyles: what did they then? All their conſolation was to have ſome page of the ſaid Roll-book read unto them: and we have ſeen thoſe who have given themſelves to a hundred punchions of old devils, in caſe that they did not feele a manifeſt eaſe and aſſwagement of paine, at the hearing of the ſaid book read, even when they were kept in a purgatory of torment; no more nor leſſe then women in travel uſe to finde their ſorrow abated, when the life of St. Margarite *is read unto them: is this nothing? finde me a book in any language, in any faculty or ſcience whatſoever, that hath ſuch vertues, properties and prerogatives, and I will be content to pay you a quart of tripes. No, my Maſters, no, it is peerleſſe, incomparable, and not to be matched; and this am I reſolved*

for

for ever to maintaine even unto the fire exclusivè. *And, those that will pertinaciously hold the contrary opinion, let them be accounted Abusers, Predestinators, Impostors and Seducers of the People; it is very true, that there are found in some gallant and stately books, worthy of high estimation, certain occult and hid properties; in the number of which are reckoned* Whippot, Orlando furioso, Robert the devil, Fierabras, William without feare, Huon *of* Bourdeaux, Monteville, *and* Matabrune: *but they are not comparable to that which we speak of; and the world hath well known by infallible experience, the great emolument and utility which it hath received by this* Gargantuine *Chronicle; for the Printers have sold more of them in two moneths time, then there will be bought of Bibles in nine yeares.*

I therefore (your humble slave) being very willing to increase your solace and recreation yet a little more, do offer you for a Present another book of the same stamp, only that it is a little more reasonable and worthy of credit then the other was; for think not, (unlesse you wilfully will erre against your knowledge) that I speak of it as the Jewes *do of the Law; I was not born under such a Planet, neither did it ever befall me to lie, or affirme a thing for true that was not: I speak of it like a lustie frolick* * Onocrotarie, *I should say* * Crotenotarie, *of the martyrised Lovers and* Croquenotarie *of love:*

* Onocratal *is a bird not much unlike a Swaa, which sings like an Asses braying.*

Crotenotaire *or* notaire crotté croquenotaire *or* notaire croqué *are but allusions in derision of* Protonotaire, *which signifieth a* Pregnotarie.

Quod vidimus, teſtamur. *It is of the horrible and dreadful feats and proweſſes of* Pantagruel *whoſe menial ſervant I have been ever ſince I was a page till this houre, that by his leave I am permitted to viſit my Cow-countrey, and to know if any of my Kindred there be alive.*

And therefore to make an end of this Prologue, even as I give my ſelfe to an hundred Pannier-fulls of faire devils, body and ſoule, tripes and guts, in caſe that I lie ſo much as one ſingle word in this whole Hiſtory: After the like manner, St. Anthonies *fire burne you,* Mahooms *diſeaſe whirle you, the ſquinancy with a ſtitch in your ſide, and the* Wolfe *in your ſtomack truſſe you, the bloody flux ſeize upon you, the curſt ſharp inflammations of wilde fire as ſlender and thin as Cowe haire, ſtrengthened with quick ſilver, enter into your fundaments and like thoſe of* Sodom *and* Gomorrha, *may you fall into ſulphur, fire and bottomleſſe pits, in caſe you do not firmly beleeve all that I ſhall relate unto you in this preſent* Chronicle.

The

The Second Book of RABELAIS, Treating of the Heroick Deeds and Sayings of the good PANTAGRUEL.

CHAP. I.

Of the Original and Antiquity of the great Pantagruel.

IT will not be an idle nor unprofitable thing, ſeeing we are at leaſure to put you in minde of the Fountain and Original Source, whence is derived unto us the good *Pantagruel*; for I ſee that all good Hiſtoriographers have thus handled their *Chronicle*; not only the *Arabians*, *Barbarians* and *Latines*; but alſo the gentle *Greeks*, who were eternal drinkers. You muſt therefore remark, that at the beginning of the world, (I ſpeak of a long time, it is above fourty *quarantaines*,

or fourty times fourty nights, according to the ſupputation of the ancient *Druids*) a little after that *Abel* was killed by his brother *Cain*, the earth imbrued with the blood of the juſt, was one year ſo exceeding fertil in all thoſe fruits which it uſually produceth to us, and eſpecially in *Medlars*, that ever ſince, throughout all ages it hath been called the yeare of the great *medlars*, for three of them did fill a buſhel: in it the *Calends* were found by the *Grecian* Almanacks, there was that yeare nothing of the moneth of *March* in the time of *Lent*, and the middle of *Auguſt* was in *May*: in the moneth of *October*, as I take it, or at leaſt *September*, (that I may not erre; for I will carefully take heed of that) was the week ſo famous in the *Annals*, which they call the week of the three *Thurſdayes*; for it had three of them by meanes of their regular Leap-yeares, (called *Biſſextils*) occaſioned by the Sunnes having tripped and ſtumbled a little towards the left hand, like a debtor afraid of Serjeants coming right upon him to arreſt him: and the Moon varied from her courſe above five fathom, and there was manifeſtly ſeen the motion of trepidation in the firmament of the fixed ſtarres, called *Aplanes*, ſo that the middle *Pleiade* leaving her fellowes, declined towards the *Equinoctial*, and the ſtarre named *Spica*, left the conſtellation of the *Virgin* to withdraw her ſelf towards

wards the balance known by the name of *Libra*, which are cases very terrible, and matters so hard and difficult, that *Astrologians* cannot set their teeth in them; and indeed their teeth had been pretty long if they could have reached thither.

However account you it for a truth, that every body then did most heartily eat of those medlars, for they were faire to the eye, and in taste delicious: but even as *Noah* that holy man, (to whom we are so much beholding, bound and obliged, for that he planted to us the Vine, from whence we have that nectarian, delicious, precious, heavenly, joyful and deifick liquour, which they call the *piot* or *tiplage*) was deceived in the drinking of it, for he was ignorant of the great vertue and power thereof: so likewise the men and women of that time did delight much in the eating of that faire great fruit, but divers and very different accidents did ensue thereupon; for there fell upon them all in their bodies a most terrible swelling, but not upon all in the same place, for some were swollen in the belly, and their belly strouted out big like a great tun, of whom it is written *ventrem omnipotentem*, who were all very honest men, and merry blades: and of this race came *St. Fatgulch* and *Shrovetuesday*; Others did swell at the shoulders, who in that place were so crump and knobbie; that they were therefore called

Pansart mardigras.

called *Montifers*, (which is as much to ſay as *Hill-carriers*,) of whom you ſee ſome yet in the world of divers ſexes and degrees: of this race came *Æſop*, ſome of whoſe excellent words and deeds you have in writing: ſome other *puffes* did ſwell in length by the member, which they call the Labourer of nature, in ſuch ſort that it grew marvellous long, fat, great, luſtie, ſtirring and Creſt-riſen, in the Antick faſhion, ſo that they made uſe of it as of a girdle, winding it five or ſix times about their waſte: but if it happened the foreſaid member to be in good caſe, ſpooming with a full ſaile, bunt faire before the winde, then to have ſeen thoſe ſtrouting Champions, you would have taken them for men that had their lances ſetled on their Reſt, to run at the ring or tilting *whintam*: of theſe beleeve me the race is utterly loſt and quite extinct, as the women ſay; for they do lament continually, that there are none extant now of thoſe great, &c. you know the reſt of the ſong. Others did grow in matter of ballocks ſo enormouſly, that three of them would well fill a ſack, able to contain five quarters of wheat, from them are deſcended the ballocks of *Lorraine*, which never dwell in Codpieces, but fall down to the bottome of the breeches. Others grew in the legs, and to ſee them, you would have ſaid they had been Cranes, or the reddiſh-long-bill'd-

ſtork-

ſtork-lik't-ſcrank-legged ſea-fowles, called *Flamans*, or elſe men walking upon ſtilts or ſcatches: the little Grammar ſchool-boyes (known by the name of *Grimos*,) called thoſe leg-grown ſlangams *Jambus*, in alluſion to the *French* word *Jambe*, which ſignifieth a leg. In others, their noſe did grow ſo, that it ſeemed to be the beak of a *Limbeck*, in every part thereof moſt variouſly diapred with the twinkling ſparkles of Crimſon-bliſters budding forth, and purpled with pimples all enameled with thick-ſet wheales of a ſanguine colour, bordered with *queules*, and ſuch have you ſeen the *Chanon*, or Prebend *Panzoul*, and *Woodenfoot* the Phyſician of *Angiers*: of which race there were few that liked the *Ptiſane*, but all of them were perfect lovers of the pure ſeptembral juice; *Naſo* and *Ovid* had their extraction from thence, and all thoſe of whom it is written, *Ne reminiſcaris*. Others grew in eares, which they had ſo big, that out of one would have been ſtuffe enough got, to make a doublet, a paire of breeches and a jacket, whileſt with the other they might have covered themſelves as with a *Spaniſh* Cloak: and they ſay, that in *Bourbonois* this race remaineth yet. Others grew in length of body, and of thoſe came the *Giants*, and of them *Pantagruel*.

And the firſt was *Chalbroth*
who begat *Sarabroth*

who

who begat *Faribroth*
who begat *Hurtali*, that was a brave eater of pottage, and reigned in the time of the flood.
who begat *Nembroth*
who begat *Atlas*, that with his ſhoulders kept the sky from falling.
who begat *Goliah*
who begat *Erix*, that invented the *Hocus pocus* playes of *Legerdemain*.
who begat *Titius*
who begat *Eryon*
who begat *Polyphemus*
who begat *Cacos*
who begat *Etion*, the firſt man that ever had the pox, for not drinking freſh in Summer, as *Bartachin* witneſſeth.
who begat *Enceladus*
who begat *Ceus*
who begat *Tiphaus*
who begat *Alæus*
who begat *Othus*
who begat *Ægeon*
who begat *Briareus* that had a hundred hands,
who begat *Porphyrio*
who begat *Adamaſtor*
who begat *Anteus*
who begat *Agatho*
Who begat *Porus*, againſt whom fought *Alexander* the great.
who begat *Aranthas*

who begat *Cabbara*, that was the first inventor of the drinking of healths.
who begat *Goliah* of *Secondille*
who begat *Offot*, that was terribly well nosed for drinking at the barrel-head.
who begat *Artachæus*
who begat *Oromedon*
who begat *Gemmagog*, the first inventor of *Poulan* shoes, which are open on the foot, and tied over the instep with a latchet.
who begat *Sisyphus*,
who begat the *Titans*, of whom *Hercules* was born.
who begat *Enay*, the most skilful man that ever was, in matter of taking the little wormes (called *Cirons*) out of the hands.
who begat *Fierabras*, that was vanquished by *Oliver* Peer of *France*, and *Rowlands* Camrade.
who begat *Morgan*, the first in the world that played at dice with spectacles.
who begat *Fracassus*, of whom *Merlin Coccaius* hath written, and of him was borne *Ferragus*.
who begat *Hapmouche*, the first that ever invented the drying of neats tongues in the Chimney; for before that, people salted them, as they do now gammons of bacon.
who begat *Bolivorax*

who begat *Longis*
who begat *Gayoffo*, whoſe ballocks were of *poplar*, and his pr... of the *ſerviſe* or *ſorb-apple*-tree.
who begat *Maſchefain*
who begat *Bruſlefer*
who begat *Angoulevent*
who begat *Galehant* the inventor of flaggons.
who begat *Mirelangant*
who begat *Gallaffre*
who begat *Salourdin*
who begat *Roboaſt*
who begat *Sortibrant* of *Conimbres.*
who begat *Brusbant* of *Mommiere*
who begat *Bruyer* that was overcome by *Ogier* the *Dane* Peer of *France.*
who begat *Mabrun*
who begat *Foutaſnon*
who begat *Haquelebas*
who begat *Vitdegrain*
who begat *Grangouſier*
who begat *Gargantua*
who begat the noble *Pantagruel* my Maſter.

I know that reading this paſſage, you will make a doubt within your ſelves, and that grounded upon very good reaſon: which is this, how it is poſſible that this relation can be true, ſeeing at the time of the flood all the world was deſtroyed, except *Noah*, and ſeven

ſeven perſons more with him in the Ark, into whoſe number *Hurtali* is not admitted; doubtleſſe the demand is well made, and very apparent, but the anſwer ſhall ſatisfie you, or my wit is not rightly caulked: and becauſe I was not at that time to tell you any thing of my own fancie, I will bring unto you the authority of the *Maſſorets*, good honeſt fellows, true *ballokeering* blades, and exact *Hebraical* bagpipers, who affirm that verily the ſaid *Hurtali* was not within the Ark of *Noah*, (neither could he get in, for he was too big) but he ſate aſtride upon it, with one leg on the one ſide, and another on the other, as little children uſe to do upon their wooden horſes: or as the great Bull of *Berne*, which was killed at *Marinian*, did ride for his Hackney the great murthering piece called the *Canon-eprrier*, a pretty blaſt of a faire and pleaſant amble without all queſtion.

In that poſture, he after God, ſaved the ſaid Ark from danger, for with his legs he gave it the brangle that was needful, and with his foot turned it whither he pleaſed, as a ſhip anſwereth her rudder. Thoſe that were within ſent him up victuals in abundance by a Chimney, as people very thankfully acknowledging the good that he did them; And ſometimes they did talk together as *Varomenippus* did to *Jupiter*, according to the report of *Lucian*. Have you underſtood all this

this well? drink then one good draught without water; for if you beleeve it not: no truly do I not, quoth ſhe.

CHAP. II.

Of the Nativity of the moſt dread and redoubted Pantagruel.

GArgantua at the age of foure hundred, foureſcore fourty and foure yeares begat his ſonne *Pantagruel*, upon his wife named *Badebec*, daughter to the King of the *Amaurots* in *Utopia*, who died in childe-birth, for he was ſo wonderfully great and lumpiſh, that he could not poſſibly come forth into the light of the world, without thus ſuffocating his mother. But that we may fully underſtand the cauſe and reaſon of the name of *Pantagruel*, which at his Baptiſm was given him, you are to remark, that in that yeare there was ſo great drought over all the countrey of *Affrick*, that there paſt thirty and ſix moneths, three weeks, foure dayes, thirteen houres, and a little more without raine, but with a heat ſo vehement, that the whole earth was parched and withered by it: neither was it more ſcorched and dried up with heat in the dayes of *Eliah*, then it was at that time; for there was not a tree to be ſeen, that had either leafe

leafe or bloom upon it: the graſſe was without verdure or greenneſſe, the rivers were drained, the fountaines dried up, the poore fiſhes abandoned and forſaken by their proper element, wandring and crying upon the ground moſt horribly: the birds did fall down from the aire for want of moiſture and dew, wherewith to refreſh them: the wolves, foxes, harts, wild-boares, fallow-deer, hares, coneys, weeſils, brocks, badgers, and other ſuch beaſts were found dead in the fields with their mouthes open; in reſpect of men, there was the pity, you ſhould have ſeen them lay out their tongues like hares that have been run ſix houres: many did throw themſelves into the wells: others entred within a Cowes belly to be in the ſhade; thoſe *Homer* calls *Alibants*: all the Countrey was idle, and could do no vertue: it was a moſt lamentable caſe to have ſeen the labour of mortals in defending themſelves from the vehemencie of this horrifick drought; for they had work enough to do to ſave the holy water in the Churches from being waſted; but there was ſuch order taken by the counſel of my Lords the Cardinals, and of our holy Father, that none did dare to take above one lick: yet when any one came into the Church, you ſhould have ſeen above twenty poor thirſty fellows hang upon him that was the diſtributer of the water, and that with a wide open throat, gaping

for ſome little drop, (like the rich glutton in *Luke*,) that might fall by, leſt any thing ſhould be loſt. O how happy was he in that yeare, who had a coole Cellar under ground, well pleniſhed with freſh wine!

The Philoſopher reports in moving the queſtion, wherefore it is that the ſea-water is ſalt? that at the time when *Phœbus* gave the government of his reſplendent chariot to his ſonne *Phaeton*, the ſaid *Phaeton*, unskilful in the Art, and not knowing how to keep the ecliptick line betwixt the two tropicks of the latitude of the Sunnes courſe, ſtrayed out of his way, and came ſo near the earth, that he dried up all the Countreys that were under it, burning a great part of the Heavens, which the *Philoſophers* call *via lactea*, and the *Huffſnuffs*, St. *Iames* his way, although the moſt coped, lofty, and high-creſted Poets affirme that to be the place where *Iuno's* milk fell, when ſhe gave ſuck to *Hercules*.

The earth at that time was ſo exceſſively heated, that it fell into an enormous ſweat, yea ſuch a one as made it ſweat out the ſea which is therefore ſalt, becauſe all ſweat is ſalt; and this you cannot but confeſſe to be true, if you will taſte of your own, or of thoſe that have the pox, when they are put into a ſweating, it is all one to me. Juſt ſuch an other caſe fell out this ſame yeare: for one certain

certain *Friday*, when the whole people were bent upon their devotions, and had made goodly Proceſſions, with ſtore of Letanies, and faire preachings, and beſeechings of God Almighty, to look down with his eye of mercy upon their miſerable and diſconſolate condition, there was even then viſibly ſeen iſſue out of the ground great drops of water, ſuch as fall from a puff-bagg'd man in a top ſweat; and the poore Hoydons began to rejoyce, as if it had been a thing very profitable unto them; for ſome ſaid that there was not one drop of moiſture in the aire, whence they might have any rain, and that the earth did ſupply the default of that. Other learned men ſaid, that it was a ſhowre of the *Antipodes*, as *Seneca* ſaith in his fourth book *Quæſtionum naturalium*, ſpeaking of the ſource and ſpring of *Nilus*: but they were deceived, for the Proceſſion being ended, when every one went about to gather of this dew, and to drink of it with full bowles; they found that it was nothing but pickle, and the very brine of ſalt, more brackiſh in taſte then the ſalteſt water of the ſea: and becauſe in that very day *Pantagruel* was borne, his father gave him that name; for *panta* in *Greek* is as much to ſay as *all*, and *Gruel* in the *Hagarene* language doth ſignifie *thirſty*; inferring hereby, that at his birth the whole world was a dry and thirſtie, as likewiſe foreſeeing that

he, would be ſome day Suprem Lord, & Sovereign of the *thirſtie Ethrappels*, which was ſhewnto him atthat very ſame hour by a more evident ſigne; for when his mother *Badebec* was in the bringing of him forth, and that the Midwives did wait to receive him: there came firſt out of her belly threeſcore and eight *Tregeneers* (that is, Salt-ſellers,) every one of them leading in a Halter a Mule heavy loaden with ſalt: after whom iſſued forth nine Dromedaries, with great loads of gammons of bacon, and dried neats tongues on their backs: then followed ſeven Camels loaded with links and chitterlins, Hogs puddings and ſalciges: after them came out five great waines, full of leeks, garlick, onions and chibols, drawn with five and thirty ſtrong Cart-horſes, which was ſix for every one, beſides the *Thiller*. At the ſight hereoi the ſaid Midwives were much amazed; yet ſome of them ſaid, Lo, here is good proviſion, and indeed we need it; for we drink but lazily, as if our tongues walked on crutches, and not luſtily like *Lanſman dutches*: truly this is a good ſigne, there is nothing here but what is fit for us, theſe are the ſpurres of wine that ſet it a going. As they were tatling thus together after their own manner of chat, behold, out comes P*antagruel* all hairie like a Beare, whereupon one of them inſpired with a prophetical Spirit, ſaid, This will be a terrible

rible fellow, he is borne with all his haire, he is undoubtedly to do wonderful things; and if he live, he ſhall have age.

CHAP. III.

Of the grief wherewith Gargantua *was moved at the deceaſe of his wife* Badebec.

WHen *Pantagruel* was borne, there was none more aſtoniſhed and perplexed then was his father *Gargantua*; for of the one ſide, ſeeing his wife *Badebec* dead, and on the other ſide his ſonne *Pantagruel* born, ſo faire and ſo great, he knew not what to ſay nor what to do: and the doubt that troubled his braine, was to know whether he ſhould cry for the death of his wife, or laugh for the joy of his ſonne: he was *hinc indè* choaked with ſophiſtical arguments, for he framed them very well *in modo & figura*, but he could not reſolve them, remaining peſtered and entangled by this means, like a mouſe catch't in a trap, or kite ſnared in a ginne: Shall I weep (ſaid he?) Yes, for why? my ſo good wife is dead, who was the moſt *this*, the moſt *that*, that ever was in the world: never ſhall I ſee her, never ſhall I recover ſuch another, it is unto me an ineſtimable loſſe! O my

good God, what had I done that thou ſhouldeſt thus puniſh me? why didſt thou not take me away before her? ſeeing for me to live without her is but to languiſh. Ah *Badebec*, *Badebec*, my minion, my dear heart, my ſugar, my ſweeting, my honey, my little C... (yet it had in circumference full ſix acres, three rods, five poles, foure yards, two foot, one inche and a half of good woodland meaſure) my tender peggie, my Codpiece darling, my bob and hit, my ſlipſhoe-lovie, never ſhall I ſee thee! Ah, poor *Pantagruel*, thou haſt loſt thy good mother, thy ſweet nurſe, thy well-beloved Lady! O falſe death, how injurious and deſpightful haſt thou been to me? how malicious and outragious have I found thee? in taking her from me, my well-beloved wife, to whom immortality did of right belong. With theſe words he did cry like a Cow, but on a ſudden fell a laughing like a Calfe, when *Pantagruel* came into his minde: Ha, my little ſonne, (ſaid he) my childilollie, fedlifondie, dandlichuckie, my ballockie, my pretty rogue; O how jollie thou art, and how much am I bound to my gracious God, that hath been pleaſed to beſtow on me a ſonne, ſo faire, ſo ſpriteful, ſo lively, ſo ſmiling, ſo pleaſant, and ſo gentle. *Ho, ho, ho, ho,* how glad I am! Let us drink, *ho*: and put away melancholy: bring of the beſt; renſe the glaſſes, lay the cloth,

drive

drive out theſe dogs, blow this fire, light candles, ſhut that door there, cut this bread in ſippets for brewis, ſend away theſe poore folks in giving them what they ask, hold my gown, I will ſtrip my ſelf into my doublet, (*en cuerpo*) to make the Goſſips merry, and keep them company.

As he ſpake this, he heard the Letanies and the *memento's* of the Prieſts that carried his wife to be buried, upon which he left the good purpoſe he was in, and was ſuddenly raviſhed another way, ſaying, Lord God, muſt I again contriſt my ſelf? this grieves me; I am no longer young, I grow old, the weather is dangerous; I may perhaps take an ague, then ſhall I be foiled, if not quite undone; by the faith of a Gentleman, it were better to cry leſſe, and drink more.

My wife is dead, well, by G- (*da jurandi*) I ſhall not raiſe her again by my crying: ſhe is well, ſhe is in Paradiſe at leaſt, if ſhe be no higher: ſhe prayeth to God for us, ſhe is happy, ſhe is above the ſenſe of our miſeries, nor can our calamities reach her: what though ſhe be dead, muſt not we alſo die? the ſame debt which ſhe hath paid, hangs over our heads; nature will require it of us, and we muſt all of us ſome day taſte of the ſame ſauce: let her paſſe then, and the Lord preſerve the Survivors; for I muſt now caſt about how to get another wife. But I will

tell you what you ſhall do, (ſaid he) to the Midwives in *France* called *wiſe women* (Where be the good folks? I cannot ſee them,) go you to my wives interrement, and I will the while rock my ſonne: for I finde my ſelf ſomewhat altered and diſtempered, and ſhould otherwayes be in danger of falling ſick: but drink one good draught firſt, you will be the better for it; and beleeeve me upon mine honour, they at his requeſt went to her burial and funeral obſequies: in the mean while, poor *Gargantua* ſtaying at home, and willing to have ſomewhat in remembrance of her to be engraven upon her tomb, made this *Epitaph* in the manner as followeth.

Dead is the noble Badebec,
Who had a face like a Rebeck;
A Spaniſh body, and a belly
Of Swifferland, *ſhe dy'd, I tell ye,*
In childe-birth: pray to God, that her
He pardon wherein ſhe did erre.
Here lies her body, which did live
Free from all vice, as I beleeve;
And did deceaſe at my bed-ſide,
The yeare and day in which ſhe dy'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Infancie of Pantagruel.

I Finde by the ancient Hiſtoriographers and Poets, that divers have been borne in this world, after very ſtrange manners, which would be too long to repeat; reade therefore the ſeventh chapter of *Pliny*, if you have ſo much leiſure: yet have you never heard of any ſo wonderful as that of *Pantagruel*; for it is a very difficult matter to beleeve, how in the little time he was in his mothers belly, he grew both in body and ſtrength. That which *Hercules* did, was nothing, when in his Cradle he ſlew two ſerpents; for thoſe ſerpents were but little and weak: but *Pantagruel* being yet in the Cradle, did farre more admirable things, and more to be amazed at. I paſſe by here the relation of how at every one of his meales he ſupped up the milk of foure thouſand and ſix hundred Cowes: and how to make him a skellet to boil his milk in, there were ſet a work all the Braſiers of *Somure* in *Anjou*, of *Villedieu* in *Normandy*, and of *Bramont* in *Lorraine*: and they ſerved in this whitepot-meat to him in a huge great Bell, which is yet to be ſeen in the City of *Bourge*

in

in *Berrie*, near the Palace; but his teeth were already ſo well grown, and ſo ſtrengthened in vigour, that of the ſaid Bell he bit off a great morſel, as very plainly doth appeare till this houre.

One day in the morning, when they would have made him ſuck one of his Cows,(for he never had any other Nurſe, as the Hiſtory tells us) he got one of his armes looſe from the ſwadling bands, wherewith he was kept faſt in the Cradle, laid hold on the ſaid Cow under the left fore hamme, and graſping her to him, ate up her udder and half of her paunch, with the liver and the kidneys, and had devoured all up, if ſhe had not cried out moſt horribly, as if the wolves had held her by the legs, at which noiſe company came in, and took away the ſaid Cow from *Pantagruel*; yet could they not ſo well do it, but that the quarter whereby he caught her was left in his hand, of which quarter he gulp't up the fleſh in a trice, even with as much eaſe as you would eate a ſalcige; and that ſo greedily with deſire of more, that when they would have taken away the bone from him, he ſwallowed it down whole, as a Cormorant would do a little fiſh; and afterwards began fumblingly to ſay, *Good, good, good*, for he could not yet ſpeak plaine; giving them to underſtand thereby, that he had found it very good, and that he did lack

but

but so much more; which when they saw that attended him, they bound him with great cable-ropes, like those that are made at *Tain*, for the carriage of salt to *Lyons*; or such as those are, whereby the great *French* ship rides at Anchor, in the Road of *Newhaven* in *Normandie*. But on a certain time, a great Beare which his father had bred, got loose, came towards him, began to lick his face, for his Nurses had not throughly wiped his chaps, at which unexpected approach being on a sudden offended, he as lightly rid himself of those great cables, as *Samson* did of the haulser ropes wherewith the *Philistines* had tied him, and by your leave, takes me up my Lord the Beare, and teares him to you in pieces like a pullet, which served him for a gorge-ful or good warme bit for that meale.

Whereupon *Gargantua* fearing lest the childe should hurt himself, caused foure great chaines of iron to be made to binde him, and so many strong wooden arches unto his Cradle, most firmely stocked and mortaised in huge frames: of those chaines you have one at *Rochel*, which they draw up at night betwixt the two great towers of the Haven: Another is at *Lyons*: A third at *Angiers*: And the fourth was carried away by the devils to binde *Lucifer*, who broke his chaines in those dayes, by reason of a cholick that did

extraordinarily torment him, taken with eating a Serjeants ſoule fried for his breakfaſt, and therfore you may beleeve that which *Nicolas de Lyra* ſaith upon that place of the P*ſalter*, where it is written, *Et Og regem Baſan*, that the ſaid *Og* being yet little, was ſo ſtrong and robuſtious, that they were faine to binde him with chaines of iron in his Cradle; thus continued P*antagruel* for a while very calme and quiet, for he was not able ſo eaſily to break thoſe chaines, eſpecially having no room in the Cradle to give a ſwing with his armes. But ſee what happened, once upon a great Holiday, that his father *Gargantua* made a ſumptuous banquet to all the Princes of his Court: I am apt to beleeve, that the menial officers of the houſe were ſo imbuſied in waiting each on his proper ſervice at the feaſt, that no body took care of poor P*antagruel*, who was left *a reculorum*, behinde-hand all alone, and as forſaken. What did he? Heark what he did, good people: he ſtrove and eſſayed to break the chaines of the Cradle with his armes but could not, for they were too ſtrong for him: then did he keep with his feet ſuch a ſtamping ſtirre, and ſo long, that at laſt he beat out the lower end of his Cradle, which notwithſtanding was made of a great poſt five foot in ſquare: and aſſoon as he had gotten out his feet, he ſlid down as well as he could,

till

till he had got his ſoales to the ground; and then with a mighty force he roſe up, carrying his Cradle upon his back, bound to him like a Tortoiſe that crawles up againſt a wall; and to have ſeen him, you would have thought it had been a great *Carrick* of five hundred tunne upon one end. In this manner he entred into the great Hall, where they were banquetting, and that very boldly, which did much affright the companie; yet becauſe his armes were tied in, he could not reach any thing to eate, but with great pain ſtooped now and then a little, to take with the whole flat of his tongue ſome lick, good bit or morſel.

Which when his father ſaw, he knew well enough that they had left him without giving him any thing to eate, and therefore commanded that he ſhould be looſed from the ſaid chains, by the counſel of the Princes and Lords there preſent: beſides that, alſo the Phyſicians of *Gargantua* ſaid, that if they did thus keep him in the Cradle, he would be all his life-time ſubject to the ſtone. When he was unchained they made him to ſit down, where after he had fed very well, he took his Cradle, and broke it into more then five hundred thouſand pieces with one blow of his fiſt, that he ſtruck in the midſt of it, ſwearing that he would never come into it again.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of the Acts of the noble Pantagruel *in his youthful age.*

THus grew P*antagruel* from day to day, and to every ones eye waxed more and more in all his dimenſions, which made hrs father to rejoyce by a natural affection: therefore cauſed he to be made for him, whileſt he was yet little, a pretty Croſſebowe, wherewith to ſhoot at ſmall birds, which now they call the great Croſſebowe at *Chantelle*. Then he ſent him to the ſchool to learn, and to ſpend his youth in vertue: in the proſecution of which deſigne he came firſt to P*oictiers*, where, as he ſtudied and profited very much, he ſaw that the Scholars were oftentimes at leiſure, and knew not how to beſtow their time, which moved him to take ſuch compaſſion on them, that one day he took from a long ledge of rocks (called there P*aſſelourdin*,) a huge great ſtone, of about twelve fathom ſquare, and fourteen handfuls thick, and with great eaſe ſet it upon foure pillars in the midſt of a field, to no other end, but that the ſaid Scholars when they had nothing elſe to do, might paſſe their time

time in getting up on that ſtone, and feaſt it with ſtore of gammons, paſties and flaggons, and carve their names upon it with a knife, in token of which deed, till this houre the ſtone is called the lifted ſtone: and in remembrance hereof there is none entered into the Regiſter and matricular Book of the ſaid Univerſity, or accounted capable of taking any degree therein, till he have firſt drunk in the *Caballine* fountain of *Croufbelles*, paſſed at *Paßelourdin*, and got up upon the *lifted ſtone*.

Afterwards reading the delectable Chronicles of his Anceſtors, he found that *Fafrey* of *Luſinian* called *Fafrey* with the great tooth, Grandfather to the Couſin in law of the eldeſt Siſter of the Aunt of the Son in law of the Uncle of the good daughter of his Stepmother, was interred at *MailleZais*; therefore one day he took *campos*, (which is a little vacation from ſtudy to play a while,) that he might give him a viſit as unto an honeſt man: and going from *Poictiers* with ſome of his companions, they paſſed by the *Guye*, viſiting the noble Abbot *Ardillon*: then by *Luſinian*, by *Sanſay*, by *Celles*, by *Coulonges*, by *Fontenay* the *Conte*, ſaluting the learned *Tiraqueau*, and from thence arrived at *MailleZais*, where he went to ſee the Sepulchre of the ſaid *Fafrey* with the great tooth; which made him ſomewhat afraid, looking

looking upon the picture, whoſe lively draughts did ſet him forth in the repreſentation of a man in an extreme fury, drawing his great *Malchus* faulchion half way out of his ſcabbard: when the reaſon hereof was demanded, the Chanons of the ſaid place told him, that there was no other cauſe of it, but that *Pictoribus atque Poetis, &c.* that is to ſay, that Painters and Poets have liberty to paint and deviſe what they liſt after their own fancie: but he was not ſatisfied with their anſwer, and ſaid, He is not thus painted without a cauſe; and I ſuſpect that at his death there was ſome wrong done him, whereof he requireth his Kinred to take revenge: I will enquire further into it, and then do what ſhall be reaſonable; then he returned not to *Poictiers*, but would take a view of the other Univerſities of *France:* therefore going to *Rochel*, he took ſhipping and arrived at *Bourdeaux*, where he found no great exerciſe, only now and then he would ſee ſome Marriners and Lightermen a wreſtling on the key or ſtrand by the river-ſide: From thence he came to *Tholouſe*, where he learned to dance very well, and to *play* with the *two-handed ſword*, as the faſhion of the Scholars of the ſaid Univerſity is to beſtir themſelves in *games*, whereof they may have their *hands full*: but he ſtayed not long there, when he ſaw that they did cauſe bury their *Regents*

gents alive, like red herring, saying, Now God forbid that I should die this death; for I am by nature sufficiently dry already, without heating my self any further.

He went then to *Monpellier*, where he met with the good wives of *Mirevaux*, and good jovial company withal, and thought to have set himself to the study of Physick; but he considered that that calling was too troublesome and melancholick, and that Physicians did smell of glisters like old devils. Therefore he resolved he would studie the lawes; but seeing that there were but three scauld, and one bald-pated Legist in that place, he departed from thence, and in his way made the Bridge of *Gard*, and the *Amphitheater* of *Neems* in lesse then three houres, which nevertheless seems to be a more divine then humane work. After that he came to *Avignon*, where he was not above three dayes before he fell in love; for the women there take great delight in playing at the close buttock-game, because it is Papal ground; which his Tutor and Pedagogue *Epistemon* perceiving, he drew him out of that place, and brought him to *Valence* in the *Dauphined*, where he saw no great matter of recreation, only that the Lubbards of the Town did beat the Scholars, which so incensed him with anger, that when upon a certain very faire Sunday, the people being at their

publick dancing in the ſtreets, and one of the Scholars offering to put himſelf into the ring to partake of that ſport, the foreſaid lubbardly fellowes would not permit him the admittance into their ſociety; He taking the Scholars part, ſo belaboured them with blowes, and laid ſuch load upon them, that he drove them all before him, even to the brink of the river *Rhoſne*, and would have there drowned them, but that they did ſquat to the ground, and there lay cloſe a full halfe league under the river. The hole is to be ſeen there yet.

After that he departed from thence, and in three ſtrides and one leap came to *Angiers*, where he found himſelf very well, and would have continued there ſome ſpace, but that the plague drove them away. So from thence he came to *Bourges*, where he ſtudied a good long time, and profited very much in the faculty of the Lawes: and would ſometimes ſay, that the books of the Civil Law, were like unto a wonderfully precious, royal and triumphant robe of cloth of gold, edged with dirt; for in the world are no goodlier books to be ſeen, more ornate, nor more eloquent then the texts of the Pandects; but the bordering of them, that is to ſay, the gloſſe of *Accurſius* is ſo ſcurvie, vile, baſe and unſavourie, that it is nothing but filthineſſe and villany.

Go-

Going from *Bourges*, he came to *Orleans*, where he found ſtore of ſwaggering Scholars that made him great entertainment at his coming, and with whom he learned to play at tennis ſo well, that he was a Maſter at that game; for the Students of the ſaid place make a prime exerciſe of it; and ſometimes they carried him unto *Cupids* houſes of commerce (in that City termed *Iſlands*, becauſe of their being moſt ordinarily environed with other houſes, and not contiguous to any,) there to recreate his perſon at the ſport of *Pouſſevant*, which the wenches of *London* call the *Ferkers in and in*. As for breaking his head with over-much ſtudy, he had an eſpecial care not to do it in any caſe, for feare of ſpoiling his eyes; which he the rather obſerved, for that it was told him by one of his Teachers, (there called Regents,) that the paine of the eyes was the moſt hurtful thing of any to the ſight: for this cauſe when he one day was made a *Licentiate*, or Graduate in law, one of the Scholras of his acquaintance, who of learning had not much more then his burthen, though in ſtead of that he could dance very well, and play at tennis, made the blaſon and device of the *Licentiates* in the ſaid Univerſity, ſaying,

So you have in your hand a racket,
A tennis-ball in your Cod-placket,

A *Pandect* law in your Caps tippet,
And that you have the skill to trip it
In a low dance, you will b' allow'd
The grant of the *Licentiates* hood.

CHAP. VI.

How Pantagruel *met with a* Limousin, *who too affectedly did counterfeit the* French *Language.*

UPon a certain day, I know not when, *Pantagruel* walking after supper with some of his fellow-Students, without that gate of the City, through which we enter on the rode to *Paris*, encountered with a young spruce-like Scholar that was coming upon the same very way; and after they had saluted one another, asked him thus; My friend, from whence comest thou now? the *Scholar* answered him: From the alme, inclyte and celebrate Academie, which is *vocitated Lutetia. What is the meaning of this* (said *Pantagruel*) *to one of his men?* It is (answered he) from *Paris*. Thou comest from *Paris* then (said *Pantagruel*,) and how do you spend your time there, you my Masters the Students of *Paris?* the *Scholar* answered, We transfretate the *Sequan* at the *diluculand crepuscul-*

puſcul, we deambulate by the compites and quadrives of the Urb: we deſpumate the *Latial* verbocination: and like veriſimilarie amorabons, we captat the benevolence of the omnijugal, omniform, and omnigenal fœminine ſexe: upon certain diecules we inviſat the Lupanares, and in a *venerian* extaſe inculcate our veretres, into the penitiſſime receſſes of the pudends of theſe amicabiliſſim meretricules: then do we cauponiſate in the meritory taberns of the *pineapple*, the *caſtle*, the *magdalene*, and the *mule*, goodly vervecine ſpatules perforaminated with petrocile; and if by fortune there be rarity, or penury of pecune in our marſupies; and that they be exhauſted of ferruginean mettal, for the ſhot we dimit our codices, and oppugnerat our veſtiments, whileſt we preſtolate the coming of the Tabellaries from the Penates and patriotick Lares: to which *Pantagruel* anſwered, *What devilliſh language is this?* by the Lord, I think thou art ſome kind of Heretick: My Lord, no, ſaid the *Scholar*; for libentiſſimally aſſoon as it illuceſceth any minutle ſlice of the day; I demigrate into one of theſe ſo well architected minſters; and there irrorating my ſelf with faire luſtral water; I mumble off little parcels of ſome miſſick precation of our ſacrificuls: and ſubmurmurating my horarie precules, I elevate and abſterge my anime from its nocturnal inqui-

nations: I revere the Olympicols: I latrially venere the ſupernal Aſtripotent: I dilige and redame my proxims: Iobſerve the decalogical precepts; and according to the facultatule of my vires, I do not diſcede from them one late unguicule; nevertheleſſe it is veriforme, that becauſe *Mammona* doth not ſupergurgitate any thing in my loculs, that I am ſomewhat rare and lent to ſupererogate the elemoſynes to thoſeegents, that hoſtially queritate their ſtipe.

Prut, tut, (ſaid *Pantagruel*,) what doth this foole mean to ſay? I think he is upon the forging of ſome diabolical tongue, and that inchanter-like he would charme us; to whom one of his men ſaid, Without doubt (Sir) this fellow would counterfeit the Language of the *Pariſians*, but he doth only flay the *Latine*, imagining by ſo doing that he doth highly *Pindarize* it in moſt eloquent termes, and ſtrongly conceiteth himſelf to be therefore a great Oratour in the *French*, becauſe he diſdaineth the common manner of ſpeaking; to which *Pantagruel* ſaid, *Is it true?* the *Scholar* anſwered, My worſhipful Lord, my *genie* is not apt nate to that which this flagitious Nebulon ſaith, to excoriate the cutule of our vernacular Gallick, but viceverſally I gnave opere, and by vele and rames enite to locupletate it, with the Latinicome redundance. By G-- (ſaid *Pantagruel*) I will teach you to

ſpeak,

ſpeak: but firſt come hither, and tell me whence thou art? To this the *Scholar* anſwered: The primeval origin of my aves and ataves, was indigenarie of the *Lemonick* regions, where requieſceth the corpor of the hagiotat St. *Martial*; I underſtand thee very well (ſaid *Pantagruel*,) when all comes to all, thou art a *Limouſin*, and thou wilt here by the affected ſpeech counterfeit the *Pariſiens*: well now, come hither, I muſt ſhew thee a new trick, and handſomely give thee the *combfeat*: with this he took him by the throat, ſaying to him, Thou flayeſt the Latine; by St. *John* I will make thee flay the foxe; for I will now flay thee alive: then began the poor *Limouſin* to cry; Haw, *grid* Maaſter, haw, Laord, *my halp, and St.* Marſhaw, haw, *I'm worried*: haw, *my thropple, the bean of my cragg is bruck*: haw, *for* gauads *ſeck, lawt my lean*, Mawſter; *waw, waw, waw*: Now (ſaid *Pantagruel*) thou ſpeakeſt naturally, and ſo let him go, for the poor *Limouſin* had totally berayed, and throughly conſhit his breeches, which were not deep and large enough, but round ſtreat caniond gregs, having in the ſeat a piece like a keelings taile; and therefore in *French* called *de chauſſes, à queüe de merlus*. Then (ſaid *Pantagruel*) *St. Alipantiu*, what civette? *fi* to the devil with this Turnepeater, as he ſtinks, and ſo let him go: bnt this hug of *Pantagruels* was ſuch a

terrour to him all the dayes of his life, and took ſuch deep impreſſion in his fancie, that very often diſtracted with ſudden affrightments, he would ſtartle and ſay that *Pantagruel* held him by the neck; beſides that it procured him a continual drought and deſire to drink, ſo that after ſome few years he died of the death *Roland* in plain *Engliſh* called thirſt, a work of divine vengeance, ſhewing us that which ſaith the Philoſopher and *Aulus Gellius*, that it becometh us to ſpeak according to the common language: and that we ſhonld (as ſaid *Octavian Auguſtus*) ſtrive to ſhun all ſtrange and unknown termes with as much heedfulneſſe and circumſpection, as Pilots of ſhips uſe to avoid the rocks and banks in the ſea.

CHAP. VII.

How Pantagruel *came to* Paris, *and of the choiſe Books of the Library of* St. Victor.

AFter that *Pantagruel* had ſtudied very well at *Orleans*, he reſolved to ſee the great Univerſity at *Paris*; but before his departure, he was informed that there was a huge big bell at St. *Anian* in the ſaid town of *Orleans*, under the ground, which had been there

there above two hundred and fourteen years; for it was ſo great that they could not by any device get it ſo much as above the ground, although they uſed all the meanes that are found in *Vitruvius de Architectura*, *Albertus de re ædificatoria*, *Euclid*, *Theon*, *Archimede*, and *Hero de ingeniis*: for all that was to no purpoſe, wherefore condeſcending heartily to the humble requeſt of the Citizens and Inhabitants of the ſaid Town, he determined to remove it to the tower that was erected for it: with that he came to the place where it was, and lifted it out of the ground with his little finger, as eaſily as you would have done a Hawks bell, or Bell-weathers tingle tangle: but before he would carry it to the foreſaid tower or ſteeple appointed for it, he would needs make ſome Muſick with it about the Town, and ring it alongſt all the ſtreets, as he carried it in his hand, wherewith all the people were very glad; but there happened one great inconveniency, for with carrying it ſo, and ringing it about the ſtreets, all the good *Orleans* wine turned inſtantly, waxed flat, and was ſpoiled, which no body there did perceive till the night following; for every man found himſelf ſo altered, and a dry with drinking theſe flat wines, that they did nothing but ſpit, and that as white as *Maltha* cotton, ſaying: We have of the *Pantagruel*, and our very throats are ſalted. This done, he came

to

to *Paris* with his retinue, and at his entry every one came out to ſee him, (as you know well enough, that the people of *Paris* is ſottiſh by *nature*, by *B. flat*, and *B. ſharp*,) and beheld him with great aſtoniſhment, mixed with no leſſe feare, that he would carry away the Palace into ſome other countrey *à remotis*, and farre from them, as his father formerly had done the great peal of Bells at our *Ladies* Church, to tie about his Mares neck. Now after he had ſtayed there a pretty ſpace, and ſtudied very well in all the ſeven liberal Arts, he ſaid it was a good towne to live in, but not to die; for that the grave-digging rogues of *St. Innocent*, uſed in froſtie nights to warme their bums with dead mens bones. In his abode there he found the Library of *St. Victor*, a very ſtately and magnifick one, eſpecially in ſome books which were there, of which followeth the Repertory and Catalogue; *Et primò*,

The for Godſake of ſalvation.
The Codpiece of the Law.
The Slipſhoe of the Decretals.
The Pomegranate of vice.
The Clew-bottom of Theologie.
The Duſter or foxtail-flap of Preachers,
Compoſed by *Turlupin*.
The churning Ballock of the Valiant:
The Henbane of the Biſhops.

Mar-

Marmoretus *de baboonis & apis*, cum Commento Dorbellis.

Decretum Universitatis Parisiensis *super gorgiasitate mulierc ularum ad placitum.*

The Apparition of *Sancte Geltrud*, to a Nun of *Poissie*, being in travel, at the bringing forth of a childe.

Ars honestè fartandi *in societate* per Marcum Corvinum.

The mustard-pot of penance.

The Gamashes, *aliàs* the boots of patience.

Formicarium artium.

De brodiorum usu, & honestate quartandi per Sylvestrem prioratem Jacobinum.

The coosened, or gulled in Court.

The Fraile of the Scriveners.

The Marriage-packet.

The cruzie or crurible of Contemplation.

The Flimflams of the Law.

The Prickle of Wine.

The Spurre of Cheese.

Ruboffatorium scolarium.

Tartaretus de modo cacandi.

The Bravades of *Rome.*

Bricot de differentiis Browsarum.

The tail-piece-cushion, or close-breech of Discipline.

The cobled Shoe of Humility.

The Trevet of good thoughts.

The Kettle of Magnanimity.

The cavilling intanglements of Confessors.

The

The Snatchfare of the Curats.

Reverendi patris fratris Lubini *provincialis* Slabrardiæ *de gulpendis lardſlicionibus libri tres.*

Paſquilli *doctoris marmorei de capreolis cum artichoket a comedendis tempore Papali ab Eccleſia interdicto.*

The invention of the Holy Croſſe, perſonated by ſix wilie Prieſts.

The Spectacles of Pilgrims bound for *Rome.*

Majoris *de modo faciendi Puddinos.*

The Bagpipe of the Prelates.

Beda *de optimitate triparum.*

The complaint of the Barreſters upon the reformation of Confites.

The furred Cat of the Sollicitors and Atturneys.

Of peaſe and bacon *cum Commento.*

The ſmall vales or drinking money of the Indulgences.

Præclariſſimi juris utriuſque Doctoris Maiſtre pilloti, &c.

Scrapfarthingi *de botchandis gloſſaccurſianæ Triſtis repetitio enncidiluculiſſima*

Stratagemata francharchæri de Baniolet.

Carlbumpkinus *de re militari cum figuris* Tevoti.

De uſu & utilitate flayandi equos & equas authore Magiſtro noſtro de quebecu.

The ſawcineſſe of Countrey-Stuarts.

M. N. Roſtocoſtojan Bedaneſſe *de muſtarda poſt*

poſt prandium ſervienda, libri quatuordecim apoſtillati per M. Vaurillonis.

The *covillage* or wench-tribute of Promooters.

Quæſtio ſubtiliſſima, utrum Chimæra in vacuo bombizant poſſet comedere ſecundas intentiones, & fuit debatuta per decem hebdomadas in Conſilio Conſtantienſi.

The bridle-champer of the Advocates.

Smutchudlamenta Scoti.

The raſping and hard-ſcraping of the Cardinals. *De calcaribus removendis Decades undecim per M.* Albericum *de roſata.*

Ejuſdem de caſtramentandis criminibus libri tres.

The entrance of *Antonie de leve* into the territories of *Braſil.*

De peelandis aut unskinnandis blurrandiſque Cardinalium mulis.

The ſaid Authors Apologie againſt thoſe who alledge that the Popes mule doth eat but at ſet times.

Prognoſticatio quæ incipit Silvitriquebillobalata per M. N. the deep dreaming gull *Sion.*

Bondarini *Epiſcopi de emulgentiarum profectibus* Æneades *novem, cum privilegio Papali ad triennium & poſtea non.*

The ſhitabranna of the maids.

The bald arſe or peel'd breech of the widows.

The cowle or capouch of the Monks.

The

The mumbling devotion of the *Cœleſtine* Fryars.

The paſſage-toll of beggarlineſſe.

The teeth-chatter or gum-didder of lubberly lusks.

The paring-ſhovel of the Theologues.

The drench-horne of the Maſters of Arts.

The ſcullians of *Oleam* the uninitiated Clerk.

Magiſtri N. lickdiſhetis de garbelliſiſtationibus horarum canon carum libri quadriginta arſiverſitatorium confratriarum incerto authore.

The gulſgoatonie or raſher of Cormorants and ravenous feeders.

The rammiſhneſſe of the *Spaniards* ſupergivure gondigaded by Fryar *Indigo.*

The muttring of pitiful wretches.

Daſtardiſmus rerum Italicarum, *authore Magiſtro* Burnegad.

R. Lullius de batisfolagiis Principum.

Calibiſtratorium caffardiæ, authore M. Jacobo *hocſtraten hereticometrâ.*

Codtickler *de magiſtro noſtrandorum magiſtro noſtratorúmque beneventi libri octo galantiſſimi.*

The Crackarades of baliſts or ſtone-throwing Engines, contrepate Clerks, Scriveners, Brief-writers, Rapporters, and Papal Bull-diſpatchers lately compiled by *Regis.*

A perpetual Almanack for thoſe that have the gowt and the pox, *Ma-*

Manera ſweepandi fornacellos per Mag.ecciam.
The ſhable or cimeterre of Merchants.
The pleaſures of the Monachal life.
The hotchpot of Hypocrites.
The hiſtory of the Hobgoblins.
The ragamuffianiſme of the penſionary maimed ſouldiers.
The gulling fibs and counterfeit ſhewes of Commiſſaries.
The litter of Treaſurers.
The juglingatorium of Sophiſters.
Antipericata metanaparbeuged amphiſiſtationes toordicantium.
The periwinkle of ballad-makers.
The puſh-forward of the Alchimiſts.
The niddie noddie of the ſachel-loaded ſeekers by Friar *Bindfaſtatis.*
The ſhackles of Religion.
The racket of ſwag-waggers.
The leaning-ſtock of old age.
The muzzle of Nobility.
The Apes *pater noſter.*
The Crickets and Hawks bells of Devotion.
The pot of the Emberweeks.
The mortar of the politick life.
The flap of the Hermites.
The riding-hood or *Monterg* of the Penitentiaries.
The trictrac of the knocking Friars.
Blockheadodus *de vita & honeſtate bragadochiorum.*

Ly-

Lyrippii Sorbonici *moraliſationes per* M. Lupoldum.

The Carrier-horſe-bells of Travellers.

The bibbings of the tipling Biſhops.

Dolloporediones Doctorum Colonienſium *adverſus* Reuclin.

The Cymbals of Ladies.

The Dungers martingale.

Whirlingfriskorum Chaſemarkerorum per fratrem Crackwoodlogueti.

The clouted patches of a ſtout heart.

The mummerie of the racket-keeping Robin-good-fellows.

Gerſon *de auferibilitate Papæ ab Eccleſia.*

The Catalogue of the nominated and graduated perſons.

Jo. Dyrebrodii *de terribilitate excommunicationis libellus acephalos.*

Ingenioſitas invocandi diabolos & diabolas per M. Guingolphum.

The hotchpotch or gallimafree of the perpetually begging Friars.

The *morriſh*-dance of the Hereticks.

The whinings of *Cajetan.*

Muddiſnowt *Doctoris cherubici de origine roughfootedarum & wryneckedorum ritibus libri ſeptem.*

Sixty nine fat breviaries.

The night-Mare of the five orders of Beggars.

The skinnery of the new ſtart-ups extracted out

out of the fallow butt, incornifiſtibulated and plodded upon in the Angelick ſumme.

The raver and idle talker in caſes of conſcience.

The fat belly of the Preſidents.

The baſling flowter of the Abbots.

Sutoris *adverſus eum qui vocaverat eum Slabſauceatorem, & quod ſlabſauceatores non ſunt damnati ab Eccleſia.*

Cacatorium medicorum.

The chimney-ſweeper of Aſtrologie.

Campi clyſteriorum per paragraph. C.

The bumſquicbracker of Apothecaries.

The kiſſebreech of Chirurgerie.

Juſtinianus de whiteleperotis tollendis.

Antidotarium animæ.

Merlinus Coccaius *de patria diabolorum.*

The Practice of iniquity by Cleuraunes ſadden.

The Mirrour of baſeneſſe by Radnecu Waldenſes.

The ingrained rogue by Dwarſencas Eldenu.

Thhe mercileſſe Cormorvnt by Hoxinidno the Jew.

Of which Library ſome books are already printed, and the reſt are now at the Preſſe, in this noble City of *Tubinge.*

CHAP. VIII.

How Pantagruel *being at* Paris *received letters from his father* Gargantua, *and the Copy of them.*

PAntagruel ſtudied very hard, as you may well conceive, and profited accordingly; for he had an excellent underſtanding, and notable wit, together wtth a capacity in memory, equal to the meaſure of twelveoyle budgets, or butts of Olives. And as he was there abiding one day, he received a letter from his father in manner as followeth.

Moſt dear ſonne, amongſt the gifts, graces and prerogatives, with which the Soveraign *Plaſmator* God Almighty, hath endowed and adorned humane Nature at the beginning, that ſeems to me moſt ſingular and excellent, by which we may in a mortal eſtate attain to a kinde of immortality, and in the courſe of this tranſitory life perpetuate our name and ſeed, which is done by a progeny iſſued from us in the lawful bonds of Matrimony: whereby that in ſome meaſure is reſtored unto us, which was taken from us by the ſin of our firſt Parents, to whom it was ſaid, that becauſe they had

had not obeyed the Commandment of God their Creator, they ſhould die, and by death ſhould be brought to nought that ſo ſtately frame and *Plaſmature*, wherein the man at firſt had been created.

But by this meanes of ſeminal propagation, which continueth in the children what was loſt in the Parents, and in the grandchildren that which periſhed in their fathers, and ſo ſucceſſively until the day of the laſt judgement, when *Jeſus Chriſt* ſhall have rendered up to God the Father his Kingdom in a peaceable condition, out of all danger and contamination of ſin; for then ſhall ceaſe all generations and corruptions, and the elements leave off their continual tranſmutations; ſeeing the ſo much deſired peace ſhall be attained unto and enjoyed, and that all things ſhall be brought to their end and period; and therefore not without juſt and reaſonable cauſe, do I give thanks to God my Saviour and Preſerver, for that he hath inabled me to ſee my bald old age reflouriſh in thy youth: for when at his good pleaſure, who rules and governes all things, my ſoul ſhall leave this mortal habitation; I ſhall not account my ſelf wholly to die, but to paſſe from one place unto another: conſidering that in and by that I continue in my viſible image living in the world, viſiting and converſing with people of honour, and

other my good friends, as I was wont to do: which converſation of mine, although it was not without ſin, (becauſe we are all of us treſpaſſers, and therefore ought continually to beſeech his divine Majeſty, to blot our tranſgreſſions out of his memory) yet was it by the help and grace of God, without all manner of reproach before men.

Wherefore if thoſe qualities of the minde but ſhine in thee, wherewith I am endowed, as in thee remaineth the perfect image of my body, thou wilt be eſteemed by all men to be the perfect guardian and treaſure of the immortality of our name: but if otherwiſe, I ſhall truly take but ſmall pleaſure to ſee it, conſidering that the leſſer part of me, which is the body, would abide in thee: and the beſt, to wit, that which is the ſoule, and by which our name continues bleſſed amongſt men, would be degenerate and abaſtardiſed: This I do not ſpeak out of any diſtruſt that I have of thy vertue, which I have heretofore already tried, but to encourage thee yet more earneſtly to proceed from good to better: and that which I now write unto thee, is not ſo much that thou ſhouldeſt live in this vertuous courſe, as that thou ſhouldeſt rejoyce in ſo living and having lived, and cheer up thy ſelf with the like reſolution in time to come; to the proſecution and accompliſhment of which enterpriſe and generous undertakin

dertaking thou mayeſt eaſily remember how that I have ſpared nothing, but have ſo helped thee, as if I had had no other treaſure in this world, but to ſee thee once in my life, compleatly well bred and accompliſhed, as well in vertue, honeſty and valour, as in all liberal knowledge and civility: and ſo to leave thee after my death, as a mirrour, repreſenting the perſon of me thy father, and if not ſo excellent, and ſuch *indeed* as I do wiſh thee, yet ſuch in my *deſire*.

But although my deceaſed father of happy memory *Grangouſier*, had bent his beſt endeavours to make me profit in all perfection and Political knowledge, and that my labour and ſtudy was fully correſpondent to, yea, went beyond his deſire: nevertheleſſe, as thou mayeſt well underſtand, the time then was not ſo proper and fit for learning as it is at preſent, neither had I plenty of ſuch good Maſters as thou haſt had; for that time was darkſome, obſcured with clouds of ignorance, and ſavouring a little of the infelicity and calamity of the *Gothes*, who had, whereever they ſet footing, deſtroyed all good literature, which in my age hath by the divine goodneſſe been reſtored unto its former light and dignity, and that with ſuch amendment and increaſe of the knowledge, that now hardly ſhould I be admitted unto the firſt forme of the little Grammar-ſchool-boyes:

I ſay, I, who in my youthful dayes was, (and that juſtly) reputed the moſt learned of that age; which I do not ſpeak in vain boaſting, although I might lawfully do it in writing unto thee, in verification whereof thou haſt the authority of *Marcus Tullius* in his book of old age, and the ſentence of *Plutarch*, in the book intituled how a man may praiſe himſelf without envie: but to give thee an emulous encouragement to ſtrive yet further.

Now is it that the mindes of men are qualified with all manner of diſcipline, and the old ſciences revived, which for many ages were extinct: now it is, that the learned languages are to their priſtine purity reſtored, *viz. Greek*, (without which a man may be aſhamed to account himſelf a ſcholar,) *Hebrew*, *Arabick*, *Chaldæan* and *Latine*. Printing likewiſe is now in uſe, ſo elegant, and ſo correct, that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out but in my time by divine inſpiration, as by a diabolical ſuggeſtion on the other ſide was the invention of Ordnance. All the world is full of knowing men, of moſt learned Schoolmaſters, and vaſt Libraries: and it appears to me as a truth, that neither in *Plato*'s time, nor *Cicero*'s, nor *Papinian*'s, there was ever ſuch conveniency for ſtudying, as we ſee at this day there is: nor muſt any adventure henceforward to come in publick, or preſent himſelf in com-

pany,

pany, that hath not been pretty well poliſhed in the ſhop of *Minerva*: I ſee robbers, hangmen, free-booters, tapſters, oſtlers, and ſuch like, of the very rubbiſh of the people, more learned now, then the Doctors and Preachers were in my time,

What ſhall I ſay? the very women and children have aſpired to this praiſe and celeſtial Manna of good learning: yet ſo it is, that in the age I am now of, I have been conſtrained to learn the *Greek* tongue, which I contemned not like *Cato*, but had not the leaſure in my younger yeares to attend the ſtudy of it: and take much delight in the reading of *Plutarchs* Morals, the pleaſant Dialogues of *Plato*, the Monuments of *Pauſanias*, and the Antiquities of *Athenæus*, in waiting on the houre wherein God my Creator ſhall call me, and command me to depart from this earth and tranſitory pilgrimage. Wherefore (my ſonne) I admoniſh thee, to imploy thy youth to profit as well as thou canſt, both in thy ſtudies and in vertue. Thou art at *Paris*, where the laudable examples of many brave men may ſtirre up thy minde to gallant actions, and haſt likewiſe for thy Tutor and *Pædagogue* the learned *Epiſtemon*, who by his lively and vocal documents may inſtruct thee in the Arts and Sciences.

I intend, and will have it ſo, that thou learn

the Languages perfectly: first of all, the *Greek*, as *Quintilian* will have it: secondly, the *Latine*; and then the *Hebrew*, for the holy Scripture-sake: and then the *Chaldee* and *Arabick* likewise, and that thou frame thy stile in *Greek* in imitation of *Plato*; and for the *Latine*, after *Cicero*, let there be no history which thou shalt not have ready in thy memory; unto the prosecuting of which designe, books of *Cosmographie* will be very conducible, and help thee much. Of the liberal Arts of *Geometry*, *Arithmetick* and *Musick*, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six yeares old; proceed further in them, & learn the remainder if thou canst. As for *Astronomy*, study all the rules thereof, let passe nevertheless the divining and judicial *Astrology*, and the Art of *Lullius*, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the *Civil Law*, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to conferre them with *Philosophie*.

Now in matter of the knowledge of the works of Nature, I would have thee to study that exactly, and that so there be no sea, river nor fountain, of which thou doest not know the fishes, all the fowles of the aire, all the several kindes of shrubs and trees, whether in forrests or orchards: all the sorts of herbes and flowers that grow upon the ground: all the various mettals that are hid

within

within the bowels of the earth: together with all the diverſity of precious ſtones, that are to be ſeen in the Orient & South-parts of the world, let nothing of all theſe be hidden from thee. Then faile not moſt carefully to peruſe the books of the *Greek*, *Arabian* and *Latine* Phyſicians, not deſpiſing the *Talmudiſts* and *Cabaliſts*; and by frequent Anatomies get thee the perfect knowledge of the other world, called the Microcoſme, which is man: and at ſome houres of the day apply thy minde to the ſtudy of the holy Scriptures: firſt in *Greek*, the New Teſtament with the Epiſtles of the Apoſtles; and then the Old Teſtament in *Hebrew* In brief, let me ſee thee an Abyſſe, and bottomleſſe pit of knowledge: for from hence forward, as thou groweſt great and becomeſt a man, thou muſt part from this tranquillity and reſt of ſtudy, thou muſt learn chivalrie, warfare, and the exerciſes of the field, the better thereby to defend my houſe and our friends, and to ſuccour and protect them at all their needs againſt the invaſion and aſſaults of evil doers.

Furthermore, I will that very ſhortly thou try how much thou haſt profited, which thou canſt not better do, then by maintaining publickly *Theſes* and Concluſions in all Arts, againſt all perſons whatſoever, and by haunting the company of learned men, both at *Paris* and otherwhere. But becauſe as the wiſe

man

man *Solomon* ſaith, *Wiſdome entereth not into a malicious minde*; and that knowledge without conſcience is but the ruine of the ſoule, it behooveth thee to ſerve, to love, to feare God, and on him to caſt all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and by faith formed in charity to cleave unto him, ſo that thou mayeſt never be ſeparated from him by thy ſins. Suſpect the abuſes of the world: ſet not thy heart upon vanity; for this life is tranſitory, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. Be ſerviceable to all thy neighbours, and love them as thy ſelf: reverence thy Præceptors: ſhun the converſation of thoſe whom thou deſireſt not to reſemble, and receive not in vaine the graces which God hath beſtowed upon thee: and when thou ſhalt ſee that thou haſt attained to all the knowledge that is to be acquired in that part, return unto me, that I may ſee thee, and give thee my bleſſing before I die. *My ſonne*, the peace and grace of our Lord be with thee. *Amen*.

From *Utopia* the 17. day of the moneth of *March*.

Thy father *Gargantua*.

Theſe letters being received and read, *Pantagruel* pluck't up his heart, took a freſh courage to him, and was inflamed with a deſire

ſire to profit in his ſtudies more then ever, ſo that if you had ſeen him, how he took paines, and how he advanced in learning, you would have ſaid that the vivacity of his ſpirit amidſt the books, was like a great fire amongſt dry wood, ſo active it was, vigorous and indefatigable.

CHAP. IX.

How Pantagruel *found* Panurge, *whom he loved all his life-time.*

ONe day as P*antagruel* was taking a walk without the City, towards *St. Antonies* Abbey, diſcourſing and philoſophating with his own ſervants and ſome other Scholars, met with a young man of a very comely ſtature, and ſurpaſſing handſome in all the lineaments of his body, but in ſeveral parts thereof moſt pitifully wounded; in ſuch bad equipage in matter of his apparel, which was but totters and rags, and every way ſo far out of order, that he ſeemed to have been a fighting with maſtiffe-dogs, from whoſe fury he had made an eſcape, or to ſay better, he looked in the condition wherein he then was, like an Apple-gatherer of the countrey of *Perche*.

As

As farre off as *Pantagruel* ſaw him, he ſaid to thoſe that ſtood by: Do you ſee that man there, who is a coming hither upon the road from *Charanton*-bridge? by my faith, he is only poor in fortune; for I may aſſure you, that by his *Phyſiognomie* it appeareth, that nature hath extracted him from ſome rich and noble race, and that too much curioſity hath thrown him upon adventures, which poſſibly have reduced him to this indigence, want and penurie. Now as he was juſt amongſt them, *Pantagruel* ſaid unto him, Let me intreat you, (*friend*) that you may be pleaſed to ſtop here a little, and anſwer me to that which I ſhall ask you, and I am confident you will not think your time ill beſtowed; for I have an extream deſire, (according to my ability) to give you ſome ſupply in this diſtreſſe, wherein I ſee you are; becauſe I do very much commiſerate your caſe, which truly moves me to great pity; Therefore (my friend) tell me, who you are? whence you come? whither you go? what you deſire? and what your name is? the *companion* anſwered him in the *Dutch* tongue, thus.

Yunker gott geb euch gluck und heil; ſurwar lieber yunker, ich las euch wiſſen das dar mich wungraft, iſt ein arm und erbamlich ding, und wer wol darvon Zuſagen welches euch verdruſſlich Zuceten, und mer ZuerZelen wer, wiewol die Poeten und Oratores vortZeiten habengeſagt

in

in item ſprichen: und ſentenzen das die gedecktnus des ellendz und armut vortangs erlitten, iſt ein groſſer luſt. My friend (ſaid *Pantagruel,*) I have no skill in that gibberiſh of yours; therefore, if you would have us to underſtand you, ſpeak to us in ſome other language; then did the drole anſwer him thus.

Albarildim gotfano dechmin brin alabo dordio falbroth ringuam albaras; nin porthzadikin almucatin milko prin alelmin en thoth dalheben enfuim: kuthim alidum alkaim nimbroth dechoth porth min michais im endoch, pruch dal maiſulum hol moth danſrihim lupaldas im voldemoch. Nim hur diavoth mnarbotim dal gouſch palfrapin duch imſcoth pruch galeth dal chinon min foulchrich al conin buthathen doth dal prim. Do you underſtand none of this, ſaid *Pantagruel* to the company? I beleeve (ſaid *Epiſtemon,*) that this is the language of the *Antipodes*, and ſuch a hard one that the devil himſelf knowes not what to make of it. Then, ſaid *Pantagruel*, Goſſip, I know not if the walls do comprehend the meaning of your words, but none of us here doth ſo much as underſtand one ſyllable of them; then ſaid *my blade* again.

Signor mio voi vedete per eſſempio che la cornemuſa non ſuona mai, ſe non ha il ventre pieno: coſi io parimente non vi ſo contare le mie fortune, ſe prima il tribulato ventre non ha la

ſolita

ſolita refectione: alquale è adviſo che le mani e li denti abbi perſo il loro ordine naturale, e del tutto annichilati. To which *Epiſtemon* anſwered as much of the one as of the other, and nothing of either. Then ſaid *Panurge.*

Lard geſtholb beſuavirtuisbe intelligence: aſſ yi body ſcalbisbe natural reloth cholb ſuld oſme pety have; for natur haſs viſſe equaly maide bot ſortune ſum exaiti heſſe andoyis deprevit: non yeleſs ziviſs mou virtinſs deprevit and virtuiſs men decreviſs for anen ye ladeniſs non quid. Yet leſſe ſaid *Pantagruel*; then ſaid my jollie *Panurge.*

Fona andie gauſſa gouſſy etan beharda er remediobehardeverſela yſſer landa. Aubar es otoy yes nauſu ey neſſaſſu gourray propoſiam ordine den. Non yſſena bayte facheria egabe gen heraſſy badea ſadaſſu noura aſſia: Aram hon davan gualde cydaſſu nydaſſuna eſtou ouſſye ecvinauſoury hin cr darſtura eguy harm: Genicoa plaſar vadu. Are you there (ſaid *Eudemon*?) *Genicoa*, to this (ſaid *Carpalin*) St. *Trinian*'s rammer unſtitch your bum, for I had almoſt underſtood it. Then anſwered *Panourge.*

Prug freſt frinſt ſorgdmand ſtrochdi dthds pag breleland grazot chavygni pomardiere ruſth pkalldracg devinierapras. Nays: beville balmuch monach drupp del meuppliſt rincq, drind dodelp up drent lochmine ſtZincq jald de vinsders cordelis bur jocſt ſtZampenards. Do you ſpeak Chriſtian (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) or the *Buffoon* lan-

language, otherwiſe called *patelinots*? Nay, it is the *puzlatory* tongue (ſaid another) which ſome call *Lanternois*. Then ſaid *Panurge*.

Herre je ſprexe andeers gheen taele dan kerſten taele my dunct nochoans, al en ſeg je met een ubord, myven noot velaert glenouch bbat re beglere gheeſt my unyt bet mbet richeyt yet waer un je ghevoet mach zunch: To which anſwered *Pantagruel*, as much of that: then ſaid *Panurge*.

Sennor de tanto hablar yo ſoy canſado, porque ſupplico avueſtra excellencia que mire alos precettos Evangelicos, para que ellos muevan vueſtra excellencia a lo que es de conſciencia, yſi ellos no baſtaren paramo ver vueſa excellencia apiedad, ſupplico que mire a la piedad natural, laqual yo creoque le mova, como es de razon, y conceſſo, no digo mas? Truly (my friend) I doubt not but you can ſpeak divers languages, but tell us that which you would have us to do for you in ſome tongue, which you conceive we may underſtand: then ſaid the companion.

Myn her, veendog ieg met ingen tunge talede; lyge ſom boeen, oeg usk wlig creatuer: mine clee bon och my me legioms mager heb xv duyfer alliguck lalig kwad tyng mog meeſt behoff riteres, ſomaer ſandeligh mad och dryck: hwar for forbar me regom lyder offuer megoch beſael argyffua meg nogeth off haylketieg kad ſtyre myne

myne groecndes mach lygeruſs ſon mand Cerbero en Souppeſor ſetibe: ſoa ſchalfue loeffue lenge oekyk ſalitgth: I think really (ſaid *Euſthenes*) that the *Gothes* ſpoke thus of old: and that, if it pleaſed God, we would all of us ſpeak ſo with our tailes. Then again ſaid *Panurge.*

Adon ſeolom lechai iniſchar harob hal hebdeca himeberch thitbé li kikar lebem: chauchar ublaah aldonaicho néral: To which anſwered *Epiſtemon*, at this time have I underſtood him very well; for it is the *Hebrew* tongue moſt Rhetorically pronounced: Then again ſaid the *Gallant.*

Deſpotatin yn panagathe, dorriſy mi ve artodotis, horaſgar limo analiſcomenon eme athlios, ęe ento metalieme ve eleis udamos, getis de par emu ha vehre ce homos philology pandet homologoſitote logus te ce rehemetta petitta hyrpachin opote pragma aſto paſi delon eſti. Euſta garnancei monon loguſin hina pragmata (hem peri emphibetumen) me prophoros epiphenete: What? (ſaid *Carpalim*) *Pantagruels* footman, it is *Greek*, I have underſtood him: and how? haſt thou dwelt any while in *Greece?* Then ſaid the *drole* again.

Agonou dont ouſſys vous deſdaignez algarou: nou denfaron zamiſt vous mariſton ulbrou, fouſquez voubrol tam bredaguez maupreton den goulhouſt daguez daguez non croupys foſt bardonnoffiſt nougrou: agou paſton tol nalbrol

prisys hourtou los echatonous, prou dehonguys brot pany gouden baſcrou noudous caguens goutfrein goul ouſtatouppoſſou? Me thinks I underſtand him (ſaid *Pantagruel*) for either it is the language of my countrey of *Utopia*, or ſounds very like it: and as he was about to have begun ſome purpoſe, the companion ſaid,

Jam toties vos per ſacra, perque deos deáſque omnes obteſtatus ſum, ut ſi quâ vos pietas permovet, egeſtatem meam ſolarem ni nec hilum proficio clamans & ejulans: ſinite, quæſo, ſinite, viri impii, quò me fata vocant abite: nec ultrà vanis veſtris interpellationibus obtundatis, memores veteris illius adagii, quo venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur. Well, my friend, (ſaid *Pantagruel*) but cannot you ſpeak *French*? that I can do (*Sir*) very well, (ſaid the companion) God be thanked: it is my natural language and mother-tongue: for I was borne and bred in my younger yeares in the garden of *France*, to wit, *Touraine*: Then (ſaid *Pantagruel*) tell us what is your name, and from whence you are come; for by my faith, I have already ſtamped in my minde ſuch a deep impreſſion of love towards you, that if you will condeſcend unto my will, you ſhall not depart out of my company, and you and I ſhall make up another couple of friends, ſuch as *Æneas* and *Achates* were; Sir, (ſaid the companion) my true and

proper *christen* name is *Panurge*, and now I come out of *Turkie*, to which countrey I was carried away prisoner at that time, when they went to *Metelin* with a mischief: and willingly would I relate unto you my fortunes, which are more wonderful then those of *Ulysses* were: but seeing that it pleaseth you to retain me with you, I most heartily accept of the offer, protesting never to leave you, should you go to all the devils in hell; we shall have therefore more leasure at another time, and a fitter opportunity wherein to report them; for at this present I am in a very urgent necessity to feed, my teeth are sharp, my belly empty, my throat dry, and my stomack fierce and burning: all is ready, if you will but set me to work, it will be as good as a *balsamum* for sore eyes, to see me gulch and raven it, for Gods sake give order for it. Then *Pantagruel* commanded that they should carry him home, and provide him good store of victuals, which being done, he ate very well that evening, and (capon-like) went early to bed, then slept until dinner-time the next day, so that he made but three steps and one leap from the bed to the board.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How Pantagruel *judged ſo equitably of a Controverſie, which was wonderfully obſcure and difficult: that by reaſon of his juſt decree therein, he was reputed to have a moſt admirable judgement.*

PAntagruel, very well remembring his fathers letter and admonitions, would one day make trial of his knowledge. Thereupon in all the *Carrefours*, that is, throughout all the foure quarters, ſtreets and corners of the City, he ſet up Concluſions to the number of nine thouſand ſeven hundred ſixty and foure, in all manner of learning, touching in them the hardeſt doubts that are in any ſcience. And firſt of all, in the *fodder-ſtreet* he held diſpute againſt all the *Regents* or Fellowes of Colledges, *Artiſts* or Maſters of Arts, and Oratours, and did ſo gallantly, that he overthrew them, and ſet them all upon their tailes, he went afterwards to the *Sorbone*, where he maintained argument againſt all the *Theologians* or Divines, for the ſpace of ſix weeks, from foure a clock in the morning, until ſix in the evening, except an interval of two houres to refreſh themſelves, and

take their repaſt: and at this were preſent the greateſt part of the Lords of the Court, the Maſters of Requeſts, Preſidents, Counſellors, thoſe of the Accompts, Secretaries, Advocates and others: as alſo the Sheriffes of the ſaid town, with the Phyſicians and Profeſſors of the canon-law; amongſt which it is to be remarked, that the greateſt part were ſtubborn jades, and in their opinions obſtinate; but he took ſuch courſe with them that for all their *Ergo's* and fallacies, he put their backs to the wall, gravelled them in the deepeſt queſtions, and made it viſibly appear to the world, that compared to him, they were but monkies, and a knot of muſle calves: Whereupon, every body began to keep a buſtling noiſe, and talk of his ſo marvellous knowledge, through all degrees of perſons in both ſexes, even to the very Laundreſſes, Brokers, Roſtmeat-ſellers, Penknife makers and others, who, when he paſt along in the ſtreet, would ſay, This is he; in which he took delight, as *Demoſthenes*, the Prince of *Greek* Oratours did, when an old crouching wife, pointing at him with her fingers ſaid, That is the man.

Now at this ſame very time there was a proceſſe or ſuit in law, depending in Court between two great Lords, of which one was called my Lord *Kiſſebreech*, Plaintiffe of one ſide, and the other my Lord *Suckfiſt*, Defendant

fendant of the other; whoſe Controverſie was ſo high and difficult in Law, that the Court of Parliament could make nothing of it. And therefore by the Commandment of the King, there were aſſembled foure of the greateſt, and moſt learned of all the Parliaments of *France*, together with the great Councel, and all the principal Regents of the Univerſities, not only of *France*, but of *England* alſo and *Italy*, ſuch as *Faſon*, *Philippus-Decius*, *Petrus de* Petronibus, and a rabble of other old *Rabbiniſts*: who being thus met together, after they had thereupon conſulted for the ſpace of ſix and fourty weeks, finding that they could not faſten their teeth in it, nor with ſuch clearneſſe underſtand the caſe, as that they might in any manner of way be able to right it, or take up the difference betwixt the two aforeſaid Parties, it did ſo grievouſly vex them, that they moſt villanouſly conſhit themſelves for ſhame. In this great extremity, one amongſt them named *Du Douhait*, the learnedſt of all, and more expert and prudent then any of the reſt, whileſt one day they were thus at their wits end, all-to-be-dunced and *philogrobolized* in their braines, ſaid unto them: We have been here (my Maſters,) a good long ſpace without doing any thing elſe, then trifle away both our time and money, and can nevertheleſſe finde neither brim nor bottome in

this matter; for the more we ſtudy about it, the leſſe we underſtand therein, which is a great ſhame and diſgrace to us, and a heavy burthen to our conſciences; yea ſuch, that in my opinion we ſhall not rid our ſelves of it without diſhonour, unleſſe we take ſome other courſe; for we do nothing but doat in our conſultations.

See therefore what I have thought upon: you have heard much talking of that worthy perſonage named Maſter *Pantagruel*, who hath been found to be learned above the capacity of this preſent age, by the proofs he gave in thoſe great diſputations, which he held publickly againſt all men: my opinion is, that we ſend for him, to conferre with him about this buſineſſe; for never any man will encompaſſe the bringing of it to an end, if he do it not.

Hereunto all the Counſellors and Doctors willingly agreed, and according to that their reſult having inſtantly ſent for him, they intreated him to be pleaſed to canvaſs the proceſſe, and ſift it throughly, that after a deep ſearch and narrow examination of all the points thereof, he might forthwith make the report unto them, ſuch as he ſhall think good in true and legal knowledge: to this effect they delivered into his hands the bags wherein were the Writs and Pancarts concerning that ſuit, which for bulk and weight were

almoſt

almoſt enough to lade foure great *couillard* or ſtoned Aſſes; but *Pantagruel* ſaid nnto them, Are the two Lords, between whom this debate and proceſſe is, yet living? it was anſwered him, Yes: To what a devil then (ſaid he,) ſerve ſo many paultry heapes, and bundles of papers and copies which you give me? is it not better to heare their Controverſie from their own mouthes, whileſt they are face to face before us, then to reade theſe vile fopperies, which are nothing but trumperies, deceits, diabolical coſenages of *Cepola*, pernicious ſlights and ſubverſions of equity? for I am ſure, that you, and all thoſe thorough whoſe hands this proceſſe hath paſt, have by your devices added what you could to it *pro & contra*: in ſuch ſort, that although their difference perhaps was clear and eaſie enough to determine at firſt, you have obſcured it, and made it more intricate, by the frivolous, ſottiſh, unreaſonable and fooliſh reaſons, and opinions of *Accurſius*, *Baldus*, *Bartolus*, *de caſtro*, *de imola*, *Hippolytus*, *Panormo*, *Bertachin*, *Alexander*, *Curtius*, and thoſe other old Maſtiffs, who never underſtood the leaſt law of the Pandects, they being but meer blockheads & great tithe-calvs, ignorant of all that which was needful for the underſtanding of the lawes; for (as it is moſt certain) they had not the knowledge either of the *Greek* or *Latine* tongue, but only of the *Gothick* and *Barbarian*;

barian; the lawes nevertheleſſe were firſt taken from the *Greeks*, according to the teſtimony of *Ulpian. l. poſter. de origine juris*, which we likewiſe may perceive by that all the lawes are full of *Greek* words and ſentences: and then we finde that they are reduced into a *Latine* ſtile, the moſt elegant and ornate, that whole language is able to afford, without excepting that of any that ever wrote therein; nay, not of *Saluſt*, *Varo*, *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Titus Livius*, nor *Quintilian*: how then could theſe old dotards be able to underſtand aright the text of the lawes, who never in their time had looked upon a good *Latine* book, as doth evidently enough appear by the rudeneſſe of their ſtile, which is fitter for a Chimney-ſweeper, or for a Cook or a Scullion, then for a Juriſconſult and Doctor in the Lawes.

Furthermore, ſeeing the Lawes are excerpted out of the middle of moral and natural Philoſophie, how ſhould theſe fooles have underſtood it, that have by G-- ſtudied leſſe in Philoſophie then my Mule? in reſpect of humane learning, and the knowledge of Antiquities and Hiſtory, they were truly laden with thoſe faculties as a toad is with feathers: and yet of all this the Lawes are ſo full, that without it they cannot be underſtood, as I intend more fully to ſhew unto you in a peculiar Treatiſe, which on that pur-

poſe

poſe I am about to publiſh. Therefore if you will that I take any medling in this proceſſe; firſt, cauſe all theſe papers to be burnt: ſecondly, make the two Gentlemen come perſonally before me; and afterwards, when I ſhall have heard them, I will tell you my opinion freely without any feignednes or diſſimulation whatſoever.

Some amongſt them did contradict this motion, as you know that in all companies there are more fooles then wiſe men, and that the greater part alwayes ſurmounts the better, as ſaith *Titus Livius*, in ſpeaking of the *Carthaginians*: but the foreſaid *Du Douet* held the contrary opinion, maintaining that *Pantagruel* had ſaid well, and what was right, in affirming that theſe records, bills of inqueſt, replies, rejoinders, exceptions, depoſitions, and other ſuch diableries of truth-intangling Writs, were but Engines wherewith to overthrow juſtice, and unneceſſarily to prolong ſuch ſuits as did depend before them; and that therefore the devil would carry them all away to hell, if they did not take another courſe, and proceeded not in times coming according to the Preſcripts of Evangelical and Philoſophical equity. In fine, all the papers were burnt, and the two Gentlemen ſummoned and perſonally convented; at whoſe appearance before the Court, *Pantagruel* ſaid unto them, Are you they that

have

have this great difference betwixt you? Yes, (my Lord) ſaid they: Which of you (ſaid *Pantagruel*,) is the Plaintiffe? It is I, ſaid *my Lord Kiſſebreech*: Go to then, my friend, (ſaid he) and relate your matter unto me from point to point, according to the real truth, or elſe (by cocks body) if I finde you to lie ſo much as in one word, I will make you ſhorter by the head, and take it from off your ſhoulders, to ſhew others by your example, that in juſtice and judgement men ought to ſpeak nothing but the truth; therefore take heed you do not adde nor impare any thing in the Narration of your caſe. *Begin.*

CHAP. XI.

How the Lords of Kiſſebreech *and* Suckfiſt *did plead before* Pantagruel *without an Atturney.*

THen began *Kiſſebreech* in manner as followeth; *My Lord*, it is true, that a good woman of my houſe, carried egges to the market to ſell; Be covered, *Kiſſebreech*, ſaid *Pantagruel*: Thanks to you, *my Lord*, ſaid the Lord *Kiſſebreech*; but to the purpoſe, there paſſed betwixt the two tropicks, the ſumme of three pence towards the zenith, and

and a halfpeny, foraſmuch as the *Riphæan* mountaines had been that yeare oppreſt with a great ſterility of counterfeit gudgions, and ſhewes without ſubſtance, by meanes of the babling tattle, and fond fibs, ſeditiouſly raiſed between the gibblegablers, and *Accurſian* gibberiſh-mongers, for the rebellion of the *Swiſſers*, who had aſſembled themſelves to the full number of the bum-bees, and myrmidons, to go a handſel-getting on the firſt day of the new yeare, at that very time when they give brewis to the oxen, and deliver the key of the coales to the Countrey-girles, for ſerving in of the oates to the dogs. All the night long they did nothing elſe (keeping their hands ſtill upon the pot) but diſpatch both on foot and horſeback, leaden-ſealed Writs or letters, (to wit, Papal Commiſſions commonly called Bulls,) to ſtop the boats: for the Tailors and Seamſters would have made of the ſtollen ſhreds and clippings a goodly ſagbut to cover the face of the Ocean, which then was great with childe of a potfull of cabbidge, according to the opinion of the hay-bundle-makers: but the Phyſicians ſaid, that by the Urine they could diſcern no manifeſt ſigne of the Buſtards pace, nor how to eat double-tongued mattocks with muſtard, unleſſe the Lords and Gentlemen of the Court ſhould be pleaſed to give by *B. mol* expreſſe command to the pox, not

to

to run about any longer, in gleaning up of Copperſmiths and Tinkers; for the Jobernolls had already a pretty good beginning in their dance of the Brittiſh gig, called the *eſtrindore*, to a perfect *diapaſon*, with one foot in the fire, and their head in the middle, as good man *Ragot* was wont to ſay.

Ha (*my Maſters*,) God moderates all things, and diſpoſeth of them at his pleaſure, ſo that againſt unluckie fortune a Carter broke his friſking whip, which was all the winde-inſtrument he had: this was done at his return from the little paultry town, even then when Maſter *Amitus of Creſſeplots* was licentiated, and had paſt his degrees in all dullerie and blockiſhneſſe, according to this ſentence of the Canoniſts, *Beati Dunces, quoniam ipſi ſtumblaverunt*. But that which makes lent to be ſo high, by St. *Fiacre* of *Bry*, is for nothing elſe, but that the *Pentecoſt* never comes, but to my coſt; yet *on afore there hoe*, a little rain ſtills a great winde, and we muſt think ſo, ſeeing that the Serjeant hath propounded the matter ſo farre above my reach, that the Clerks and Secondaries could not with the benefit thereof lick their fingers feathered with gaunders, ſo orbicularly, as they were wont in other things to do. And we do manifeſtly ſee, that every one acknowledgeth himſelf to be in the errour, wherewith another hath been charged, reſerving

ſerving only thoſe caſes whereby we are obliged to take an ocular inſpection in a perſpective glaſſe of theſe things, towards the place in the Chimney, where hangeth the ſigne of the wine of fourty girths, which have been alwayes accounted very neceſſary for the number of twenty pannels and pack-ſaddles of the bankrupt Protectionaries of five yeares reſpit; howſoever at leaſt he that would not let flie the fowle before the Cheeſecakes, ought in law to have diſcovered his reaſon why not, for the memory is often loſt with a wayward ſhooing: Well, God keep *Theobald Mitain* from all danger. Then ſaid *Pantagruel*, Hold there: Ho, *my friend*, ſoft and faire, ſpeak at leiſure, and ſoberly without putting your ſelf in choler; I underſtand the caſe, go on. Now then (*my Lord*) ſaid *Kiſſebreech*, the foreſaid good woman, ſaying her *gaudez and audinos*, could not cover her ſelfe with a treacherous backblow, aſcending by the wounds and paſſions of the priviledges of the Univerſitie: unleſſe by the vertue of a warming-pan ſhe had Angelically fomented every part of her body, in covering them with a hedge of garden-beds: then giving in a ſwift unavoidable thirſt very near to the place where they ſell the old rags, whereof the Painters of *Flanders* make greatuſe, when they are about neatly to clap on ſhoes on graſhoppers, locuſts, *cigals*, and ſuch like flie-fowles,

ſo

ſo ſtrange to us, that *I* am wonderfully aſtoniſhed why the world doth not lay, ſeeing it is ſo good to hatch.

Here the Lord of *Suckfiſt* would have interrupted him and ſpoken ſomewhat, whereupon *Pantagruel* ſaid unto him, *St*, by St. *Antonies* belly, doth it become thee to ſpeak without command? I ſweat here with the extremity of labour and exceeding toile I take to underſtand the proceeding of your mutual difference, and yet thou comeſt to trouble and diſquiet me: peace, in the devils name, peace, thou ſhalt be permitted to ſpeak thy belly full, when this man hath done, and no ſooner. Go on, (ſaid he) to *Kiſſebreech*, ſpeak calmly, and do not over-heat your ſelf with too much haſte.

I perceiving then (ſaid *Kiſſebreech*) that the pragmatical ſanction did make no mention of it, and that the holy Pope to every one gave liberty to fart at his own eaſe, if that the blankets had no ſtreaks, wherein the liars were to be croſſed with a ruffian-like crue: & the rain-bow being newly ſharpned at *Milan* to bring forth larks, gave his full conſent that the good woman ſhould tread down the heel of the hipgut-pangs, by vertue of a ſolemn proteſtation put in by the little teſticulated or codſted fiſhes, which to tell the truth, were at that time very neceſſary for underſtanding the ſyntax and conſtruction of old boots.

There-

Therefore *Iohn Calfe* her Coſen gervais once removed with a log from the woodſtack, very ſeriouſly adviſed her not to put her ſelfe into the hazard of quagſwagging in the Lee, to be ſcowred with a buck of linnen clothes, till firſt ſhe had kindled the paper: this counſel ſhe laid hold on, becauſe he deſired her to take nothing, and throw out, for *Non de ponte vadit, qui cum ſapientia cadit*: matters thus ſtanding, ſeeing the Maſters of the chamber of Accompts, or members of that Committee, did not fully agree amongſt themſelves in caſting up the number of the *Almanie* whiſtles, whereof were framed thoſe ſpectacles for Princes, which have been lately printed at *Antwerp*: I muſt needs think that it makes a bad return of the Writ, and that the adverſe Party is not to be beleeved, *in ſacer verbo dotis*; for that having a great deſire to obey the pleaſure of the King, I armed my ſelf from toe to top with belly furniture, of the ſoles of good veniſon-paſties, to go ſee how my grape-gatherers and vintagers had pinked and cut full of ſmall holes their high boped-caps, to lecher it the better, and play at *in and in*. And indeed the time was very dangerous in coming from the Faire, in ſo farre that many trained bowe-men were caſt at the muſter, and quite rejected, although the chimney-tops were high enough, according to the proportion of the *wind-*

galls

galls in the legs of horſes, or of the *Malaunders*, which in the eſteem of expert Farriers is no better diſeaſe, or elſe the ſtory of *Ronypatifam*, or *Lamibaudichon*, interpreted by ſome to be the tale of a tub, or of a roaſted horſe, ſavours of *Apocrypha*, and is not an authentick hiſtory; and by this means there was that yeare great abundance throughout all the countrey of *Artois*, of tawny buzzing beetles, to the no ſmall profit of the Gentlemen-great-ſtick-faggot-carriers, when they did eate without diſdaining the *cocklicranes*, till their belly was like to crack with it again: as for my own part, ſuch is my Chriſtian charity towards my neighbours, that I could wiſh from my heart every one had as good a voice; it would make us play the better at the tennis and the baloon. And truly (*my Lord*) to expreſſe the real truth without diſſimulation, I cannot but ſay that thoſe petty ſubtile devices, which are found out in the Etymologizing of patains, would deſcend more eaſily into the river of *Seine*, to ſerve for ever at the Millars bridge upon the ſaid water, as it was heretofore decreed by the King of the *Canarrians*, according to the ſentence or judgement given thereupon, which is to be ſeen in the Regiſtry and Records within the Clerks office of this houſe.

And therefore (my Lord) I do moſt humbly require, that by your Lordſhip there may

be

be ſaid and declared upon the caſe what is reaſonable, with coſts, damages, and intereſts. Then ſaid *Pantagruel*, My friend, is this all you have to ſay? *Kiſſebreech* anſwered, Yes, (my Lord) for I have told all the *tuautem*, and have not varied at all upon mine honour in ſo much as one ſingle word. You then, (ſaid *Pantagruel*) my Lord of *Suckfiſt*, ſay what you will, and be brief, without omitting nevertheleſſe any thing that may ſerve to the purpoſe.

CHAP. XII.

How the Lord of Suckfiſt *pleaded before* Pantagruel.

THen began the Lord *Suckfiſt* in manner as followeth: *My Lord*, and you *my maſters*, if the iniquity of men were as eaſily ſeene in categoricall judgement, as we can diſcerne flies in a milk-pot; the worlds four Oxen had not beene ſo eaten up with Rats, nor had ſo many eares upon the earth beene nibled away ſo ſcurvily; for although all that my aduerſary hath ſpoken be of a very ſoft and downy truth, in ſo much as concernes the Letter and Hiſtory of the *factum*: yet nevertheleſſe the crafty ſlights, cunning ſubtilties,

tilties, flie cofenages, and little troubling intanglements are hid under the Rofe-pot, the common cloak and cover of all fraudulent deceits

Should I endure, that, when I am eating my pottage equall with the beft, and that without either thinking or fpeaking any manner of ill, they rudely come to vexe, trouble, and perplex my braines with that antick Proverb which faith,

Who in his pottage-eating drinks, will not
When he is dead and buri'd, fee one jot.

and good Lady, how many great Captaines have we feen in the day of battel, when in open field the Sacrament was diftributed in lunchions of the fanctified bread of the Confraternity, the more honeftly to nod their heads, play on the lute, and crack with their tailes, to make pretty little platforme leaps, in keeping level by the ground: but now the world is unfhackled from the corners of the packs of *Leyceſter*. One flies out lewdly and becomes debauch't, another likewife five, four and two, and that at fuch randome, that if the Court take not fome courfe therein, it will make as bad a feafon in matter of gleaning this yeare, as ever it made, or it will make goblets. If any poor creature go to the ftoves to illuminate his muzzle with a

Cow-

Cow-ſhard, or to buy winter-boots, and that the Serjeants paſſing by, or thoſe of the watch happen to receive the decoction of a clyſtere, or the fecal matter of a cloſe-ſtool, upon their ruſtling-wrangling-clutter-keeping maſterſhips, ſhould any becauſe of that make bold to clip the ſhillings and teſters, and fry the wooden diſhes? ſometimes when we think one thing, God does another; and and when the Sunne is wholly ſet, all beaſts are in the ſhade: let me never be beleeved again, if I do not gallantly prove it by ſeveral people that have ſeen the light of the day.

In the yeare thirty and ſix, buying a *Dutch* curtail, which was a middle ſized horſe, both high and ſhort, of a wool good enough, and died in graine, as the Goldſmiths aſſured me, although the Notarie put an *&c.* in it; I told really, that I was not a Clerk of ſo much learning as to ſnatch at the Moon with my teeth; but as for the Butter-firkin, where *Vulcanian* deeds and evidences were ſealed, the rumour was, and the report thereof went currant, that ſalt-beefe will make one finde the way to the wine without a candle, though it were hid in the bottom of a Colliers ſack, and that with his drawers on he were mounted on a barbed horſe furniſhed with a fronſtal, and ſuch armes, thighs and leg-pieces as are requiſite

for the well frying and broyling of a ſwaggering ſawcineſſe. Here is a ſheeps head, and it is well they make a proverb of this, that it is good to ſee black Cowes in burnt wood, when one attains to the enjoyment of his love. I had a conſultation upon this point with my Maſters the Clerks, who for reſolution concluded in *friſeſomorum*, that there is nothing like to mowing in the ſummer, and ſweeping clean away in water, well garniſhed with paper, ink, pens and penknives of *Lyons* upon the river of *Roſne*; *dolopym dolopof, tarabin tarabas, tu' prut piſh*: for incontinently after that armour begins to ſmell of garlick, the ruſt will go near to eat the liver, not of him that weares it, and then do they nothing elſe but withſtand others courſes, and wry-neckedly ſet up their briſtles 'gainſt one another, in lightly paſſing over their afternoons ſleep, and this is that which maketh ſalt ſo dear. My Lords, beleeve not, when the ſaid good woman had with bird-lime, caught the ſhovelar fowle, the better before a Serjeants witneſſe, to deliver the younger ſons portion to him, that the ſheeps pluck, or hogs haſlet, did dodge and ſhrink back in the Uſurers purſes, or that there could be any thing better to preſerve one from the Cannibals, then to take a rope of onions, knit with three hundred turneps, and a little of a Calves Chaldern of the beſt allay that

the Alchymiſts have: provided, that they daub and do over with clay, as alſo calcinate and burne to duſt theſe pantoffles, muf in muf out; *Mouflin mouflard*, with the fine ſauce of the juice of the rabble rout, whileſt they hide themſelves in ſome petty moldwarp-hole, ſaving alwayes the little ſlices of bacon. Now if the dice will not favour you with any other throw but ambeſace, and the chance of three at the great end, mark well the ace, then take me your dame, ſettle her in a corner of the bed, and whisk me her up drille-trille there there, *tourelouralala*, which when you have done, take a hearty draught of the beſt, *deſpicando grenovillibus*, in deſpight of the frogs; whoſe faire courſe bebuskined ſtockins ſhall be ſet apart for the little green geeſe, or mued goſlings, which fatned in a coope, take delight to ſport themſelves at the wagtaile game, waiting for the beating of the mettal, and heating of the waxe by the ſlavering drivellers of conſolation.

Very true it is, that the foure oxen which are in debate, and whereof mention was made, were ſomewhat ſhort in memory: nevertheleſſe, to underſtand the *gamme* aright, they feared neither the Cormorant nor Mallard of *Savoy*, which put the good people of my countrey in great hope, that their children ſometime ſhould become very skilful in *Algoriſme*; therefore is it, that by a

law rubrick and ſpecial ſentence thereof, that we cannot faile to take the wolfe, if we make our hedges higher then the wind-mill, whereof ſomewhat was ſpoken by the Plaintiffe. But the great Devil did envie it, and by that means put the high *Dutches* farre behinde, who played the devils in ſwilling down and tipling at the good liquour, *trink meen herr*, *trink*, trink, by two of my table-men in the corner-point I have gained the lurch; for it is not probable, nor is there any appearance of truth in this ſaying, that at *Paris* upon a little bridge the hen is proportionable: and were they as copped and high-creſted as mariſh whoops, if veritably they did not ſacrifice the Printers pumpet-balls at *Moreb*, with a new edge ſet upon them by text letters, or thoſe of a ſwift-writing hand, it is all one to me, ſo that the head-band of the book breed not moths or wormes in it. And put the caſe, that at the coupling together of the buck-hounds, the little puppies ſhould have waxed proud before the Notarie could have given an account of the ſerving of his Writ by the Cabaliſtick Art, it will neceſſarily follow (under correction of the better judgement of the Court,) that ſix acres of medow ground of the greateſt breadth, will make three butts of fine ink, without paying ready money: conſidering that at the Funeral of King *Charles*, we might have had the fathom in

open

open market for one and two, that is *deuce ace*: this I may affirm with a ſafe conſcience upon my oath of wooll.

And I ſee ordinarily in all good bagpipes, that when they go to the counterfeiting of the chirping of ſmall birds, by ſwinging a broom three times about a chimney, and putting his name upon record, they do nothing but bend a Croſſebowe backward, and winde a horne, if perhaps it be too hot, and that by making it faſt to a rope he was to draw, immediately after the ſight of the letters, the Cowes were reſtored to him. Such another ſentence after the homelieſt manner was pronounced in the ſeventeenth yeare, becauſe of the bad government of *Louzefougarouſe*, whereunto it may pleaſe the Court to have regard. I deſire to be rightly underſtood; for truly I ſay not, but that in all equity, and with an upright conſcience, thoſe may very well be diſpoſſeſt, who drink holy water, as one would do a weavers ſhuttle, whereof ſuppoſitories are made to thoſe that will not reſigne, but on the termes of ell and tell, and giving of one thing for another. *Tunc* (my Lords) *quid juris pro minoribus?* for the common cuſtom of the *Salick* law is ſuch, that the firſt incendiarie or fire-brand of ſedition, that flayes the Cow, and wipes his noſe in a full conſort of muſick, without blowing in the Coblers ſtitches, ſhould in the

time of the night-mare ſublimate the penury of his member by moſſe gathered when people are like to foundre themſelvs at the meſſe at midnight, to give the eſtrapade to theſe white-wines of *Anjou*, that do the feat of the leg in lifting it (by horſemen called the *Gambetta*,) and that neck to neck, after the faſhion of *Britanie*, (concluding as before with coſts, damages and intereſts.

After that the Lord of *Suckfiſt* had ended, *Pantagruel* ſaid to the Lord of *Kiſſebreech*, My friend, have you a minde to make any reply to what is ſaid? No, (my Lord) anſwered *Kiſſebreech*; for I have ſpoke all I intended, and nothing but the truth, therefore put an end for Gods ſake to our difference, for we are here at great charge.

CHAP. XIII.

How Pahtagruel *gave judgement upon the difference of the two Lords.*

THen *Pantagruel* riſing up, aſſembled all the Preſidents, Counſellors and Doctors that were there, and ſaid unto them: Come now (my Maſters) you have heard (*vivæ vocis oraculo*) the Controverſie that is

in

in queſtion, what do you think of it? They anſwered him, We have indeed heard it, but have not underſtood the devil ſo much as one circumſtance of the caſe; and therefore we beſeech you *unâ voce*, and in courteſie requeſt you, that you would give ſentence as you think good, and *ex nunc prout ex tunc*, we are ſatisfied with it, and do ratifie it with our full conſents: Well, my Maſters (ſaid *Pantagruel*) ſeeing you are ſo pleaſed, I will do it: but I do not truly finde the caſe ſo difficult as you make it: your paragraph *Caton*: the law *Frater*, the law *Gallus*, the law *Quinque pedum*, the law *Vinum*, the law *Si Dominus*, the law *Mater*, the law *Mulier bona*, the law *Si quis*, the law *Pomponius*, the law *Fundi*, the law *Emptor*, the law *Prætor*, the law *Venditor*, and a great many others are farre more intricate in my opinion. After he had ſpoke this, he walked a turn or two about the hall, plodding very profoundly as one may think; for he did groan like an Aſſe, whileſt they girth him too hard, with the very intenſiveneſſe of conſidering how he was bound in conſcience to do right to both parties, without varying or accepting of perſons. Then he returned, ſate down, and began to pronounce ſentence as followeth.

Having ſeen, heard, calculated and well conſidered of the difference between the

Lords

Lords of *Kiſſebreech* and *Suckfiſt*; the Court ſaith unto them, that in regard of the ſudden quaking, ſhivering and hoarineſſe of the flick-ermouſe, bravely declining from the eſtival ſolſtice, to attempt by private means the ſurpriſal of toyiſh trifles in thoſe, who are a little unwell for having taken a draught too much, through the lewd demeanour and vexation of the beetles, that inhabit the *Diarodal* climate of an hypocritical Ape on horſeback, bending a Croſſebowe backwards. The Plaintiffe truly had juſt cauſe to calfet, or with *Ockam* to ſtop the chinks of the gallion, which the good woman blew up with winde, having one foot ſhod and the other bare, reimburſing and reſtoring to him low and ſtiffe in his conſcience, as many bladder-nuts and wilde piſtaches as there is of haire in eighteen Cowes, with as much for the embroiderer, and ſo much for that. He is likewiſe declared innocent of the caſe priviledged from the *Knapdardies*, into the danger whereof it was thought he had incurred; becauſe he could not jocundly and with fulneſſe of freedom untruſſe and dung, by the deciſion of a paire of gloves perfumed with the ſent of bum-gunſhot, at the walnut-tree taper, as is uſual in his countrey of *Mirobalois*. Slacking therefore the top-ſaile, and letting go the boulin with the brazen bullets, where with the Mariners did by way of proteſtation

teſtation bake in paſte-meat, great ſtore of pulſe, interquilted with the dormouſe, whoſe hawks bells were made with a *puntinaria*, after the manner of *Hungary* or *Flanders* lace, and which his brother in law carried in a Panier, lying near to *three chevrons or bordered gueules*, whileſt he was clean out of heart, drooping and creſt-fallen by the too narrow ſifting, canvaſſing, and curious examining of the matter, in the angulary dog-hole of naſtie ſcoundrels, from whence we ſhoot at the vermiformal popingay, with the flap made of a foxtaile.

But in that he chargeth the Defendant, that he was a botcher, cheeſe-eater, and trimmer of mans fleſh imbalmed, which in the arſiverſie ſwagfall tumble was not found true, as by the Defendant was very well diſcuſſed.

The Court therefore doth condemn and amerce him in three porringers of curds, well cemented and cloſed together, ſhining like pearles, and Codpieced after the faſhion of the Countrey, to be payed unto the ſaid Defendant, about the middle of *Auguſt* in *May*: but on the other part the Defendant ſhall be bound to furniſh him with hay and ſtubble, for ſtopping the caltrops of his throat, troubled and *impulregafized*, with gabardines garbeled ſhufflingly, and friends as before, without coſts and for cauſe.

Which

Which ſentence being pronounced, the two Parties departed both contented with the decree, which was a thing almoſt incredible; for it never came to paſſe ſince the great rain, nor ſhall the like occur in thirteen jubilees hereafter, that two Parties contradictorily contending in judgment, be equally ſatisfied and well pleaſed with the definitive ſentence. As for the Counſellors, & other Doctors in the law, that were there preſent, they were all ſo raviſhed with admiration at the more then humane wiſdom of *Pantagruel*, which they did moſt clearly perceive to be in him, by his ſo accurate deciſion of this ſo difficult and thornie cauſe, that their ſpirits, with the extremity of the rapture, being elevated above the pitch of actuating the organs of the body, they fell into a trance and ſudden extaſie, wherein they ſtayed for the ſpace of three long houres, and had been ſo as yet in that condition, had not ſome good people fetched ſtore of vineger and roſe-water, to bring them again unto their former ſenſe and underſtanding, for the which God be praiſed every where; And ſo be it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How Panurge *related the manner how he escaped out of the hands of the* Turks.

THe great wit and judgement of *Pantagruel*, was immediately after this made known unto all the world, by setting forth his praises in print, and putting upon record this late wonderful proof he hath given thereof amongst the Rolls of the Crown, and Registers of the Palace, in such sort, that every body began to say, that *Solomon*, who by a probable guesse only, without any further certainty, caused the childe to be delivered to its own mother, shewed never in his time such a Master-piece of wisdom, as the good *Pantagruel* hath done; happy are we therefore that have him in our Countrey. And indeed they would have made him thereupon Master of the Requests, and President in the Court: but he refused all, very graciously thanking them for their offer, for (said he) there is too much slavery in these offices, and very hardly can they be saved that do exercise them, considering the great corruption that is amongst men: which makes me beleeve, if the empty seats of Angels be not

not fil'd with other kind of people then thoſe we ſhall not have the final judgement theſe ſeven thouſand ſixty and ſeven jubilees yet to come; and ſo *Cuſanus* will be deceived in his conjecture: Remember that I have told you of it, and given you faire advertiſement in time and place convenient.

But if you have any hogſheads of good wine, I willingly will accept of a preſent of that, which they very heartily did do, in ſending him of the beſt that was in the City, and he drank reaſonably well, but poor *Panurge* bibbed and bowſed of it moſt villainouſly, for he was as dry as a red-herring, as lean as a rake, and like a poor, lank, ſlender cat, walked gingerly as if he had trod upon egges: ſo that by ſome one being admoniſhed, in the midſt of his draught of a large deep bowle, full of excellent Claret, with theſe words, Faire and ſoftly, *Goſſip*, you ſuck up as if you were mad: I give thee to the devil, (ſaid he) thou haſt not found here thy little tipling ſippers of *Paris*, that drink no more then the little bird called a *ſpink* or *chaffinch*, and never take in their beak ful of liquour, till they be bobbed on the tailes after the manner of the ſparrows. O companion, if I could mount up as well as I can get down, I had been long ere this above the ſphere of the Moon with *Empedocles*. But I cannot tell what a devil this meanes. This wine is ſo

good

good and delicious, that the more I drink thereof, the more I am athirſt; I beleeve that the ſhadow of my Maſter *Pantagruel*, engendereth the altered and thirſty men, as the Moon doth the catarres and defluxions; at which word the company began to laugh: which *Pantagruel* perceiving, ſaid, *Panurge* What is that which moves you to laugh ſo? Sir, ſaid he, I was telling them that theſe devilliſh Turks are very unhappy, in that they never drink one drop of wine, and that though there were no other harme in all *Mahomets Alcoran*, yet for this one baſe point of abſtinence from wine, which therein is commanded, I would not ſubmit my ſelf unto their law. But now tell me, (ſaid *Pantagruel*) how you eſcaped out of their hands. By G-- Sir (ſaid *Panurge*) I will not lie to you in one word.

The raſcally *Turks* had broached me upon a ſpit all larded like a rabbet, (for I was ſo dry and meagre, that otherwiſe of my fleſh they would have made but very bad meat) and in this manner began to roſt me alive. As they were thus roaſting me, I recommended my ſelf unto the divine grace, having in my minde the good St. *Lawrence*, and alwayes hoped in God that he would deliver me out of this torment, which came to paſſe, and that very ſtrangely; for as I did commit my ſelf with all my heart unto God, crying,

crying, Lord God help me, Lord God ſave me, Lord God take me out of this pain and helliſh torture, wherein theſe traiterous dogs detain me for my ſincerity in the maintenance of thy law: the roſter or turn-ſpit fell aſleep by the divine will, or elſe by the vertue of ſome good *Mercury*, who cunningly brought *Argus* into a ſleep for all his hundred eyes: when I ſaw that he did no longer turne me in roaſting, I looked upon him, and perceived that he was faſt aſleep, then took I up in my teeth a firebrand by the end where it was not burnt, and caſt it into the lap of my roaſter, and another did I throw as well as I could under a field-couche, that was placed near to the chimney, wherein was the ſtraw-bed of my Maſter turnſpit; preſently the fire took hold in the ſtraw, and from the ſtraw to the bed, and from the bed to the loft, which was planked and ſeeled with firre, after the faſhion of the foot of a lamp: but the beſt was, that the fire which I had caſt into the lap of my paultry roaſter, burnt all his groine, and was beginning to ceaſe upon his cullions, when he became ſenſible of the danger, for his ſmelling was not ſo bad, but that he felt it ſooner then he could have ſeen day-light: then ſuddenly getting up, and in a great amazement running to the window, he cried out to the ſtreets as high as he could, *dalbaroth, dalbaroth, dalbaroth*, which is as much to ſay

as;

as, *Fire, fire, fire:* incontinently turning about, he came ſtreight towards me, to throw me quite into the fire, and to that effect had already cut the ropes, wherewith my hands were tied, and was undoing the cords from off my feet; when the Maſter of the houſe hearing him cry, Fire, and ſmelling the ſmoke from the very ſtreet where he was walking with ſome other *Baaſhaws* and *Muſtaphaes*, ran with all the ſpeed he had to ſave what he could, and to carry away his Jewels; yet ſuch was his rage (before he could well reſolve how to go about it,) that he caught the broach whereon I was ſpitted, and therewith killed my roaſter ſtark dead, of which wound he died there for want of government or otherwiſe; for he ran him in with the ſpit a little above the navel, towards the right flank, till he pierced the third lappet of his liver, and the blow flanting upwards from the midriffe or *diaphragme*, through which it had made penetration, the ſpit paſt athwart the *pericardium*, or capſule of his heart, and came out above at his ſhoulders, betwixt the *ſpondyls* or turning joints of the chine of the back, and the left *homoplat*, which we call the ſhoulder-blade.

True it is, (for I will not lie,) that in drawing the ſpit out of my body, I fell to the ground near unto the Andirons, and ſo by the fall took ſome hurt, which indeed had

been greater, but that the *lardons*, or little ſlices of bacon, wherewith I was ſtuck, kept off the blow. My *Baaſhaw* then ſeeing the caſe to be deſperate, his houſe burnt without remiſſion, and all his goods loſt, gave himſelfe over unto all the devils in hell, calling upon ſome of them by their names, *Gringoth*, *Aſtaroth*, *Rappalus*, and *Gribouillis*, nine ſeveral times, which when *I* ſaw, *I* had above ſix pence worth of feare, dreading that the devils would come even then to carry away this foole, and ſeeing me ſo near him would perhaps ſnatch me up too: *I* am already (thought *I*) halfe roſted, and my lardons, will be the cauſe of my miſchief; for theſe devils are very lickorous of lardons, according to the authority which you have of the Philoſopher *Jamblicus* and *Murmault*, in the Apology of *Boſſuris*, adulterated *pro magiſtros noſtros*: but for my better ſecurity *I* made the ſigne of the Croſſe; crying, *Hageos*, *athanatos*, *hotheos*, and none came: at which my rogue *Baaſhaw* being very much aggrieved, would in tranſpiercing his heart with my ſpit have killed himſelf; and to that purpoſe had ſet it againſt his breaſt, but it could not enter, becauſe it was not ſharp enough; whereupon *I* perceiving that he was not like to work upon his body the effect which he intended, although he did not ſpare all the force he had to thruſt it forward, came up to him and ſaid, Maſter *Bu-*

gringo,

grino, thou doſt here but trifle away thy time, or raſhly loſe it, for thou wilt never kill thy ſelf thus as thou doeſt: well thou mayeſt hurt or bruiſe ſomewhat within thee, ſo as to make thee languiſh all thy life-time moſt pitifully amongſt the hands of the Chirurgions; but if thou wilt be counſelled by me, I will kill thee clear out-right, ſo that thou ſhalt not ſo much as feel it, and truſt me, for I have killed a great many others, who have found themſelves very well after it. Ha, my friend, ſaid he, I prethee do ſo, and for thy paines I will give thee my Codpiece, take, here it is, there are ſix hundred Seraphs in it, and ſome fine Diamonds, and moſt excellent Rubies. And where are they (ſaid *Epiſtemon?*) By St. *John* (ſaid *Panurge*) they are a good way hence, if they alwayes keep going: but where is the laſt yeares ſnow? this was the greateſt care that *Villon* the *Pariſien* Poet took. Make an end (ſaid *Pantagruel*) that we may know how thou didſt dreſſe thy *Baaſhaw*: By the faith of an honeſt man (ſaid *Panurge*) I do not lie in one word, I ſwadled him in a curvie ſwathel-binding, which I found lying there half burnt, and with my cords tied him oyſter-like both hand and foot, in ſuch ſort that he was not able to winſe; then paſt my ſpit thorough his throat, and hanged him thereon, faſtening the end thereof at two great hooks of cramp-irons, upon which they

did hang their Halberds; and then kindling a faire fire under him, did flame you up my *Milourt*, as they use to do dry herrings in a chimney: with this, taking his budget, and a little javelin that was upon the foresaid hooks, *I* ran away a faire gallop-rake, and God he knows how *I* did smell my shoulder of mutton.

When *I* was come down into the street, *I* found every body come to put out the fire with store of water, and seeing me so half-roasted, they did naturally pity my case, and threw all their water upon me, which by a most joyful refreshing of me, did me very much good: then did they present me with some victuals, but *I* could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink but water after their fashion. Other hurt they did me none, only one little villainous *Turkie* knobbreasted rogue, came thiefteously to snatch away some of my lardons, but *I* gave him such a sturdie thump and sound rap on the fingers, with all the weight of my javelin, that he came no more the second time. Shortly after this, there came towards me a pretty young *Corinthian* wench, who brought me a box full of Conserves, of round *Mirabolan* plums, called *Emblicks*, and looked upon my poor *Robin* with an eye of great compassion, as it was flea-bitten and pinked with the sparkles of the fire from whence it

came,

came, for it reached no further in length, (beleeve me) then my knees; but note, that this roasting cured me entirely of a Sciatick, whereunto *I* had been subject above seven yeares before, upon that side, which my roaster, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

Now whilest they were thus busie about me, the fire triumphed, never ask, How? for it took hold on above two thousand houses, which one of them espying, cried out, saying, By *Mahooms* belly all the City is on fire, and we do nevertheless stand gazing here, without offering to make any relief: upon this every one ran to save his own; for my part, *I* took my way towards the gate. When *I* was got upon the knap of a little hillock, not farre off, *I* turned me about as did *Lots* wife, and looking back, saw all the City burning in a faire fire, whereat *I* was so glad, that *I* had almost beshit my selfe for joy: but God punished me well for it: How? said *Pantagruel*: Thus, said *Panurge*; for when with pleasure *I* beheld this jolly fire, jesting with my self, and saying, Ha poor flies, ha poor mice, you will have a bad winter of it this yeare, the fire is in your reeks, it is in your bed-straw, out came more then six, yea more then thirteen hundred and eleven dogs great and small, altogether out of the town, flying away from the fire; at the first approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the

ſent of my leacherous half-roaſted fleſh, and had even then devoured me in a trice, if my good Angel had not well inſpired me with the inſtruction of a remedy, very ſovereign againſt the tooth-ache. And wherefore (ſaid *Pantagruel*) wert thou afraid of the tooth-ache, or paine of the teeth? wert thou not cured of thy Rheumes? By Palme-ſunday, (ſaid *Panurge*) is there any greater pain of the teeth, then when the dogs have you by the legs? but on a ſudden, (as my good Angel directed me) *I* thought upon my lardons, and threw them into the midſt of the field amongſt them: then did the dogs run, and fight with one another at faire teeth, which ſhould have the lardons: by this means they left me, and *I* left them alſo buſtling with, and hairing one another. Thus did *I* eſcape frolick and lively, grammercie roaſtmeat and cookery.

CHAP. XV.

How Panurge *ſhewed a very new way to build the walls of* Paris.

Pantagruel one day to refreſh himſelf of his ſtudy, went a walking towards St. *Marcels* ſuburbs, to ſee the extravagancie of

of the *Gobeline* building, and to taſte of their ſpiced bread. *Panurge* was with him, having alwayes a flaggon under his gown, and a good ſlice of a gammon of bacon; for without this he never went, ſaying, that it was as a Yeoman of the guard to him, to preſerve his body from harme, other ſword carried he none: and when *Pantagruel* would have given him one, he anſwered, that he needed none, for that it would but heat his milt. Yea but (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) if thou ſhouldeſt be ſet upon, how wouldeſt thou defend thy ſelf? With great *buskinades* or brodkin blowes, anſwered he, provided thurſts were forbidden. At their return, *Panurge* conſidered the walls of the City of *Paris*, and in deriſion ſaid to *Pantagruel*, See what faire walls here are! O how ſtrong they are, and well fitted to keep geeſe in a mue or coop to fatten them! by my beard they are competently ſcurvie for ſuch a City as this is; for a Cow with one fart would go near to overthrow above ſix fathoms of them. O my friend (ſaid *Pantagruel*) doeſt thou know what *Ageſilaus* ſaid, when he was asked, Why the great City of *Lacedemon* was not incloſed with walls? Lo here (ſaid he) the walls of the City, in ſhewing them the inhabitants and Citizens thereof, ſo ſtrong, ſo well armed, and ſo expert in military diſcipline; ſignifying thereby, that there is no wall but of bones; and that Towns

and Cities cannot have a ſurer wall, nor better fortification then the proweſſe and vertue of the Citizens and Inhabitants; ſo is this City ſo ſtrong, by the great number of warlike people that are in it, that they care not for making any other walls. Beſides, whoſoever would go about to wall it, as *Strasbourg*, *Orleans* or *Ferrara*, would finde it almoſt impoſſible, the coſt and charges would be ſo exceſſive. Yea, but (ſaid *Panurge*) it is good nevertheleſſe to have an out-ſide of ſtone, when we are invaded by our enemies, were it but to ask, Who is below there? As for the enormous expence, which you ſay would be needful for undertaking the great work of walling this City about, if the Gentlemen of the Town will be pleaſed to give me a good rough cup of wine, I will ſhew them a pretty, ſtrange and new way how they may build them good cheap. How (ſaid *Pantagruel*?) Do not ſpeak of it then (anſwered *Panurge*,) and I will tell it you. I ſee that the *ſine quo nons*, *killibiſtris*, or *contrapunctums* of the women of this Countrey, are better cheap then ſtones: of them ſhould the walls be built, ranging them in good ſymmetrie by the rules of Architecture, and placing the largeſt in the firſt ranks, then ſloping downwards ridgewayes, like the back of an Aſſe, the middle ſized ones muſt be ranked next, and laſt of all the leaſt and ſmalleſt. This done

done, there muſt be a fine little interlacing of them, like points of Diamonds, as is to be ſeen in the great Tower of *Bourges*, with a like number of the *nudinnudo's*, *nilniſiſtando's*, and ſtiffe *bracmards*, that dwell in amongſt the clauſtral Codpieces. What devil were able to overthrow ſuch walls? there is no metal like it to reſiſt blowes, in ſo farre that if Culverin-ſhot ſhould come to greaſe upon it, you would incontinently ſee diſtill from thence the bleſſed fruit of the great pox, as ſmall as raine: beware in the name of the devils, and hold off; furthermore, no thunderbolt or lightning would fall upon it, for why? they are all either bleſt or conſecrated: I ſee but one inconveniency in it: Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha, (ſaid *Pantagruel*,) and what is that? It is that the flies would be ſo lickoriſh of them, that you would wonder, and would quickly gather there together, and there leave their ordure and excretions, and ſo all the work would be ſpoiled. But ſee how that might be remedied, they muſt be wiped and made rid of the flies with faire fox-tailes, or good great *viedazes* (which are Aſſe-pizzles) of *Provence*. And to this purpoſe I will tell you (as we go to ſupper,) a brave example ſet down by *Frater Lubinus libro de compotationibus mendicantium*; in the time that the beaſts did ſpeak, which is not yet three dayes ſince.

A poor Lion, walking through the forteſt of *Bieure*, and ſaying his own little private devotions, paſt under a tree, where there was a roguiſh Collier gotten up to cut down wood, who ſeeing the Lion, caſt his hatchet at him, and wounded him enormouſly in one of his legs, whereupon the Lion halting, he ſo long toiled and turmoiled himſelf in roaming up and down the forreſt to finde helpe, that at laſt he met with a Carpenter, who willingly look't upon his wound, cleanſed it as well as he could, and filled it with moſſe, telling him that he muſt wipe his wound well, that the flies might not do their excrements in it, whileſt he ſhould go ſearch for ſome yarrow or millefoile, commonly called the Carpenters herbe. The Lion being thus healed, walked along in the forreſt, at what time a ſempiternous Crone and old Hag, was picking up, and gathering ſome ſticks in the ſaid forreſt, whoſeeing the Lion coming towards her, for feare fell down backwards, in ſuch ſort, that the winde blew up her gown, coats and ſmock even as farre as above her ſhoulders; which the Lion perceiving, for pity ran to ſee whether ſhe had taken any hurt by the fall, and thereupon conſidering her *how do you call it*, ſaid, O poor woman, who hath thus wounded thee? which words when he had ſpoken, he eſpied a fox, whom he called to come to him, ſaying, *Goſſip Renard*, hau, hither,

ther, hither, and for cauſe: when the fox was come, he ſaid unto him, My goſſip and friend, they have hurt this good woman here between the legs moſt villainouſly, and there is a manifeſt ſolution of continuity, ſee how great a wound it is, even from the taile up to the navel, in meaſure foure, nay full five handfulls and a half; this is the blow of an hatchet, I doubt me it is an old wound, and therefore that the flies may not get into it, wipe it luſtily well and hard; I prethy, both within and without; thou haſt a good taile and long, wipe, my friend, wipe, I beſeech thee, and in the mean while I will go get ſome moſſe to put into it; for thus ought we to ſuccour and help one another, wipe it hard, thus, my friend, wipe it well, for this wound muſt be often wiped, otherwiſe the Party cannot be at eaſe: go to, wipe well, my little goſſip, wipe, God hath furniſhed thee with a taile, thou haſt a long one, and of a bigneſſe proportionable, wipe hard and be not weary. A good *wiper*, who in *wiping* continually, *wipeth* with his *wipard*, by waſps ſhall never be wounded: wipe, my pretty minion, wipe, my little bullie, *I* will not ſtay long. Then went he to get ſtore of moſſe; and when he was a little way off, he cried out in ſpeaking to the fox thus, Wipe well ſtill, goſſip, wipe, and let it never grieve thee to wipe well, my little goſſip, *I* will put thee into ſervice to be wiper

to

to *Don Pedro de Caſtille*, wipe, only wipe, and no more: the poor fox wiped as hard as he could, here and there, within and without: but the falſe old trot did ſo fizzle and fiſt, that ſhe ſtunk like a hundred devils, which put the poor fox to a great deal of ill eaſe, for he knew not to what ſide to turn himſelf, to eſcape the unſavoury perfume of this old womans poſtern blaſts, and whileſt to that effect he was ſhifting hither and thither, without knowing how to ſhun the annoyance of thoſe unwholeſom guſts, he ſaw that behinde there was yet another hole, not ſo great as that which he did wipe, out of which came this filthy and infectious aire. The Lion at laſt returned, bringing with him of moſſe more then eighteen packs would hold, and began to put into the wound, with a ſtaffe that which he had provided for that purpoſe, and had already put in full ſixteen packs and a half, at which he was amazed: What a devil? (ſaid he) this wound is very deep, it would hold above two cart-loads of moſſe. The fox perceiving this, ſaid unto the Lion, O goſſip Lion, my friend, I pray thee do not put in all thy moſſe there, keep ſomewhat; for there is yet here another little hole, that ſtinks like five hundred devils; I am almoſt choaked with the ſmell thereof, it is ſo peſtiferous and impoiſoning.

Thus muſt theſe walls be kept from the flies,

flies, and wages allowed to some for wiping of them. Then said *Pantagruel*, How dost thou know that the privy parts of women are at such a cheap rate? for in this City there are many vertuous, honest and chaste women besides the maids: *Et ubi primus*, said *Panurge*? I will give you my opinion of it, and that upon certain and assured knowledge. I do not brag that I have bumbasted four hundred and seventeen, since I came into this City, though it be but nine dayes ago: but this very morning I met with a good fellow, who in a wallet, such as *Æsops* was, carried two little girles of two or three yeares old at the most, one before, and the other behinde: he demanded almes of me, but I made him answer, that I had more cods then pence; afterwards I asked him, *Good man*, these two girles are they maids? Brother, said he, I have carried them thus these two yeares, and in regard of her that is before, whom I see continually, in my opinion she is a Virgin, nevertheless I will not put my finger in the fire for it; as for her that is behinde, doubtless I can say nothing. Indeed (said *Pantagruel*) thou art a gentile companion, I will have thee to be apparelled in my livery, and therefore caused him to be clothed most gallantly according to the fashion that then was, only that *Panurge* would have the Codpiece of his breeches three foot long, and

in

ſhape ſquare, not round, which was done and was well worth the ſeeing. Oftentimes was he wont to ſay that the world had not yet known the emolument and utility that is in wearing great Codpieces; but time would one day teach it them, as all things have been invented in time. God keep from hurt (ſaid he) the good fellow whoſe long Codpiece or Braguet hath ſaved his life: God keep from hurt him, whoſe long Braguet hath been worth to him in one day, one hundred threeſcore thouſand and nine Crowns: God keep from hurt him, who by his long Braguet hath ſaved a whole City from dying by famine. And by G-- I will make a book of the commodity of long Braguets, when I ſhall have more leaſure. And indeed he compoſed a faire great book with figures, but it is not printed as yet that I know of.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the qualities and conditions of Panurge.

Panurge was of a middle ſtature, not too high, nor too low, and had ſomewhat an Aquiline noſe, made like the handle of a raſor: he was at that time five and thirty years old

old or thereabouts, fine to gild like a leaden dagger; for he was a notable cheater and cony-catcher, he was a very gallant and proper man of his perſon, only that he was a little leacherous, and naturally ſubject to a kinde of diſeaſe, which at that time they called lack of money: it is an incomparable grief, yet notwithſtanding he had threeſcore and three tricks to come by it at his need, of which the moſt honourable and moſt ordinary was in manner of thieving, ſecret purloining and filching; for he was a wicked lewd rogue, a coſener, drinker, royſter, rover, and a very diſſolute and debautch'd fellow, if there were any in *Paris*; otherwiſe, and in all matters elſe, the beſt and moſt vertuous man in the world: and he was ſtill contriving ſome plot, and deviſing miſchief againſt the Serjeants and the watch.

At one time he aſſembled three or foure eſpecial good hackſters and roaring boyes, made them in the evening drink like *Templers*, afterwards led them till they came under St. *Genevieve*, or about the Colledge of *Navarre*, and at the houre that the watch was coming up that way, which he knew by putting his ſword upon the pavement, and his eare by it, and when he heard his ſword ſhake, it was an infallible ſigne that the watch was near at that inſtant: then he and his companions took a tumbrel or dung-cart, and

gave

gave it the brangle, hurling it with all their force down the hill, and so overthrew all the poor watchmen like pigs, and then ran away upon the other side; for in lesse then two dayes, he knew all the streets, lanes and turnings in *Paris*, as well as his *Deus det*.

At another time he made in some faire place, where the said watch was to passe, a traine of gun-powder, and at the very instant, that they went along, set fire to it, and then made himself sport to see what good grace they had in running away, thinking that St. *Antonies* fire had caught them by the legs. As for the poor Masters of Arts, he did persecute them above all others: when he encountered with any of them upon the street, he would not never faile to put some trick or other upon them, sometimes putting the bit of a fried turd in their graduate hoods: At other times pinning on little fox-tails, or hares-eares behinde them, or some such other roguish prank. One day that they were appointed all to meet in the *fodder-street*, he made a *Borbonnesa* tart, or filthy and slovenly compound, made of store of garlick, of *Assa fœtida*, of *Castoreum*, of dogs turds very warm, which he steeped, temper'd and liquifi'd in the corrupt matter of pockie biles, and pestiferous botches, and very early in the morning, therewith anointed all the pavement, in such sort, that the devil could not have endured it,

which

which made all these good people, there to lay up their gorges, and vomit what was upon their stomacks before all the world, as if they had flayed the fox; and ten or twelve of them died of the plague, fourteen became lepers, eighteen grew lousie, and above seven and twenty had the pox, but he did not care a button for it. He commonly carried a whip under his gowne wherewith he whipt without remission the pages, whom he found carrying wine to their Masters, to make them mend their pace. In his coat he had above six and twenty little fabs and pockets alwayes full, one with some lead-water, and a little knife as sharp as a glovers needle, wherewith he used to cut purses: Another with some kinde of bitter stuffe, which he threw into the eyes of those he met: another with clotburrs, penned with little geese or capons feathers, which he cast upon the gowns and caps of honest people: and often made them faire hornes, which they wore about all the City, sometimes all their life. Very often also upon the womens *French* hoods would he stick in the hind-part somewhat made in the shape of a mans member. In another he had a great many little hornes full of fleas and lice, which he borrowed from the beggars of St. *Innocent*, and cast them with small canes or quills to write with, into the necks of the daintiest Gentlewomen that he could finde,

yea even in the Church, for he never ſeated himſelf above in the quire, but alwayes ſate in the body of the Church amongſt the women, both at Maſſe, at Veſpres, and at Sermon. In another, he uſed to have good ſtore of hooks and buckles, wherewith he would couple men and women together, that ſate in company cloſe to one another, but eſpecially thoſe that wore gownes of crimſon taffaties, that when they were about to go away, they might rent all their gownes. In another, he had a ſquib furniſhed with tinder, matches, ſtones to ſtrike fire, and all other tackling neceſſary for it: in another, two or three burning glaſſes, wherewith he made both men and women ſometimes mad, and in the Church put them quite out of countenance; for he ſaid that there was but an *Antiſtrophe*, or little more difference then of a literal inverſion between a woman, *folle a la meſſe*, and *molle a la feſſe*; that is, *fooliſh at the Maſſe*, and *of a pliant buttock*.

In another he had a good deal of needles and thread, wherewith he did a thouſand little devilliſh pranks. One time at the entry of the Palace unto the great Hall, where a certain gray Friar or *Cordelier* was to ſay Maſſe to the Counſellors: He did help to apparel him, and put on his veſtments, but in the accoutring of him, he ſowed on his alb, ſurplice or ſtole to his gowne and ſhirt, and then

then withdrew himself, when the said Lords of the Court, or Counsellors came to heare the said Masse; but when it came to the *Ite, missa est*, that the poor *Frater* would have laid by his *stole* or surplice (as the fashion then was) he plucked off withal both his frock and shirt which were well sowed together, and therby stripping himself up to the very shoulders, shewed his *bel vedere* to all the world, together with his *Don Cypriano*, which was no small one, as you may imagine: and the Friar still kept haling, but so much the more did he discover himself, and lay open his back-parts, till one of the Lords of the Court said, How now, what's the matter? will this faire Father make us here an offering of his taile to kisse it? nay, St. *Antonies* fire kisse it for us. From thenceforth it was ordained that the poor Fathers should never disrobe themselves any more before the world, but in their vestry-room, or sextry, as they call it; especially in the presence of women, lest it should tempt them to the sin of longing, and disordinate desire. The people then asked, why it was the Friars had so long and large genitories? the said *Panurge* resolved the *Probleme* very neatly, saying, That which makes Asses to have such great eares, is that their dams did put no biggins on their heads, as *Alliaco* mentioneth in his *suppositions*: by the like reason, that which makes the genitories or gene-

ration-tooles of thoſe faire *Fraters* ſo long is, for that they ware no bottomed breeches, and therefore their jolly member having no impediment, hangeth dangling at liberty, as farre as it can reach, with a wigle-wagle down to their knees, as women carry their *patinotre* beads: and the cauſe wherefore they have it ſo correſpondently great, is, that in this conſtant wig-wagging the humours of the body deſcend into the ſaid member: for according to the *Legiſts*, Agitation and continual motion is cauſe of attraction.

Item, he had another pocket full of itching powder, called *ſtone-allum*, whereof he would caſt ſome into the backs of thoſe women, whom he judged to be moſt beautiful and ſtately, which did ſo tickliſhly gall them, that ſome would ſtrip themſelves in the open view of the world, and others dance like a cock upon hot embers, or a drumſtick on a taber: others again ran about the ſtreets, and he would run after them: to ſuch as were in the ſtripping veine, he would very civilly come to offer his attendance, and cover them with his cloak, like a courteous and very gracious man.

Item, in another he had a little leather bottle full of old oile, wherewith, when he ſaw any man or woman in a rich new handſome ſuit, he would greaſe, ſmutch and ſpoil all the beſt parts of it under colour and pre-

tence

tence of touching them, saying, This is good cloth, this is good sattin, good taffaties; *Madam*, God give you all that your noble heart desireth; you have a new suit, *pretty Sir*; and you a new gown, *sweet Mistris*, God give you joy of it, and maintain you in all prosperity, and with this would lay his hand upon their shoulder, at which touch such a villainous spot was left behinde, so enormously engraven to perpetuity in the very soule, body and reputation, that the devil himself could never have taken it away: Then upon his departing, he would say, *Madam*, take heed you do not fall, for there is a filthy great hole before you, whereinto if you put your foot, you will quite spoile your self. Another he had all full of *Euphorbium*, very finely pulverised, in that powder did he lay a faire handkerchief curiously wrought, which he had stollen from a pretty Seamstresse of the Palace, in taking away a lowse from off her bosome, which he had put there himself: and when he came into the company of some good Ladies, he would trifle them into a discourse of some fine workmanship of bone-lace, then immediately put his hand into their bosome, asking them, And this work, is it of *Flanders*, or of *Hainault*? and then drew out his handkerchief, and said, Hold, hold, look what work here is, it is of *Foutiman* or of *Foutarabia*: and shaking it hard at their nose,

made them ſneeze for foure houres without ceaſing: in the mean while he would fart like a horſe, and the women would laugh and ſay, How now, do you fart, *Panurge?* No, no, *Madam* (ſaid he,) I do but tune my taile to the plain ſong of the Muſick, which you make with your noſe. In another he had a picklock, a pellican, a crampiron, a crook, and ſome other iron tooles, wherewith there was no door nor coffer which he would not pick open. He had another full of little cups, wherewith he played very artificially, for he had his fingers made to his hand, like thoſe of *Minerva* or *Arachne*, and had heretofore cried *Triacle*. And when he changed a teſton, cardecu, or any other piece of money, the changer had been more ſubtil then a fox, if *Panurge* had not at every time made five or ſix ſols, (that is ſome ſix or ſeven pence) vaniſh away inviſibly, openly and manifeſtly, without making any hurt or leſion, whereof the changer ſhould have felt nothing but the winde.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

How Panurge *gained the pardons, and married the old women, and of the ſuit in law which he had at* Paris.

ONe day I found P*anurge* very much out of countenance, melancholick and ſilent, which made me ſuſpect that he had no money; whereupon I ſaid unto him, P*anurge*, you are ſick, as I do very well perceive by your phyſiognomie, and I know the diſeaſe, you have a flux in your purſe; but take no care I have yet ſeven pence half penny, that never ſaw father nor mother, which ſhall not be wanting, no more then the pox in your nec eſſity: whereunto he anſwered me, Well, well, for money, one day *I* ſhall have but too much; for I have a Philoſophers ſtone, which attracts money out of mens purſes, as the adamant doth iron; but will you go with me to gaine the pardons, ſaid he? By my faith (ſaid he) I am no great pardon-taker in this world; if *I* ſhall be any ſuch in the other, *I* cannot tell: yet let us go in Gods Name, it is but one farthing more or leſſe. But (ſaid he) lend me then a farthing upon intereſt. No, no, (ſaid I) *I* will give it you freely,

and from my heart, *Grates vobis dominos*, ſaid he.

So we went along, beginning at St. *Gervaſe*, and I got the pardons at the firſt boxe only, for in thoſe matters very little contenteth me: then did I ſay my ſmall ſuffrages, and the prayers of St. *Brigid*, but he gained them at all the boxes, and alwayes gave money to every one of the *Pardoners*; from thence we went to our *Ladies* Church, to St. *Johns*, to St. *Antonies*, and ſo to the other Churches, where there was a banquet of pardons. for my part, I gained no more of them: but he at all the boxes kiſſed the relicks, and gave at every one: to be brief, when we were returned, he brought me to drink at the Caſtle-tavern, and there ſhewed me ten or twelve of his little bags full of money, at which I bleſt my ſelf, and made the ſigne of the Croſſe, ſaying, Where have you recovered ſo much money in ſo little time? unto which he anſwered me, that he had taken it out of the baſins of the pardons; For in giving them the firſt farthing (ſaid he) I put it in with ſuch ſlight of hand, and ſo dexterouſly that it appeared to be a three-pence; thus with one hand I took three-pence, nine-pence or ſix-pence at the leaſt, and with the other as much, and ſo thorough all the Churches where we have been. Yea, but (ſaid I) you damn your ſelf like a ſnake, and

are

are withal a thief and ſacrilegious perſon. True (ſaid he) in your opinion, but I am not of that minde; for the Pardoners do give me it, when they ſay unto me in preſenting the relicks to kiſſe, *Centuplum accipies*, that is, that for one penny I ſhould take a hundred; for *accipies* is ſpoken according to the manner of the Hebrewes, who uſe the future tenſe in ſtead of the imperative, as you have in the law, *Diliges Dominum*, that is, *dilige*: even ſo when the Pardon-bearer ſayes to me, *Centuplum accipies*, his meaning is, *centuplum accipe*; and ſo doth *Rabbi Kimy*, and *Rabbi Aben Ezra* expound it, and all the *Maſſorets*, *& ibi Bartholus*. Moreover, Pope *Sixtus* gave me fifteen hundred francks of yearly penſion (which in *Engliſh* money is a hundred and fifty pounds) upon his Eccleſiaſtical revenues and treaſure, for having cured him of a canckrous botch, which did ſo torment him, that he thought to have been a Cripple by it all his life. Thus I do pay my ſelf at my owne hand (for otherways I get nothing) upon the ſaid Eccleſiaſtical treaſure. Ho, my friend, (ſaid he) if thou didſt know what advantage *I* made, and how well *I* feathered my neſt, by the Popes bull of the Croiſade, thou wouldeſt wonder exceedingly. *It* was worth to me above ſix thouſand *florins* (in *Engliſh* coine ſix hundred pounds,) and what a devil is become of them? (ſaid *I*) for of that money thou

thou haſt not one half penny. They returned from whence they came (ſaid he,) they did no more but change their Maſter.

But *I* employed at leaſt three thouſand of them (that is, three hundred pounds *Engliſh*,) in marrying (not young Virgins; for they finde but too many husbands) but great old ſempiternous trots, which had not ſo much as one tooth in their heads; and that out of the conſideration *I* had, that theſe good old women had very well ſpent the time of their youth in playing at the cloſe-buttock-game to all commers, ſerving the foremoſt firſt, till no man would have any more dealing with them. And by G-- *I* will have their skin-coat ſhaken once yet before they die; by this meanes, to one I gave a hundred florins, to another ſix ſcore, to another three hundred, according to that they were infamous, deteſtable and abominable; for by how much the more horrible and execrable they were, ſo much the more muſt I needs have given them, otherwayes the devil would not have jum'd them. Preſently I went to ſome great and fat wood-porters, or ſuch like, and did my ſelf make the match, but before I did ſhew him the old Hags, *I* made a faire muſter to him of the Crownes, ſaying, Good fellow, ſee what *I* will give thee, if thou wilt but condeſcend to duſſe, dinfredaille, or lecher it one good time: then began the poor rogues to

gape

gape like old mules, and I cauſed to be provided for them a banquet, with drink of the beſt, and ſtore of ſpiceries, to put the old women in rut and heat of luſt. To be ſhort, they occupied all like good ſoules, only to thoſe that were horribly ugly and ill-favoured, I cauſed their head to be put within a bag, to hide their face.

Beſides all this, I have loſt a great deal in ſuits of law: And what law-ſuits couldeſt thou have? (ſaid I) thou haſt neither houſe nor lands. My friend, (ſaid he) the Gentlewomen of this City had found out, by the inſtigation of the devil of hell, a manner of high-mounted bands, and neckerchiefs for women, which did ſo cloſely cover their boſomes, that men could no more put their hands under; for they had put the ſlit behinde, and thoſe neck-cloths were wholly ſhut before, whereat the poor ſad contemplative lovers were much diſcontented. Upon a faire *Tueſday*, I preſented a Petition to the Court, making my ſelf a Party againſt the ſaid Gentlewomen, and ſhewing the great intereſt that I pretended therein, proteſting that by the ſame reaſon, *I* would cauſe the Codpeece of my breeches to be ſowed behinde, if the Co ur would not take order for it. *In* ſumme, the Gentlewomen put in their defences, ſhewed the grounds they went upon, and conſtituted their Atturney for the proſecuting of the cauſe,

cauſe, but *I* purſued them ſo vigorouſly, that by a ſentence of the Court it was decreed, thoſe high neckclothes ſhould be no longer worne, if they were not a little cleft and open before, but it coſt me a good ſumme of money. *I* had another very filthy and beaſtly proceſſe againſt the dung-farmer (called Maſter *Fifi*) and his Deputies, that they ſhould no more reade privily the pipe, punchon, nor quart of ſentences, but in faire full day, and that in the fodder ſchools, in face of the *Arrian* Sophiſters, where *I* was ordained to pay the charges, by reaſon of ſome clauſe miſtaken in the relation of the Serjeant. Another time *I* framed a complaint to the Court, againſt the mules of the Preſidents, Counſellors and others, tending to this purpoſe, that when in the lower Court of the Palace, they left them to champ on their bridles: ſome bibs were made for them, that with their drivelling they might not ſpoile the pavement, to the end, that the Pages of the Palace might play upon it with their dice, or at the game of coxbody, at their own eaſe, without ſpoiling their breeches at the knees; and for this *I* had a faire decree, but it coſt me deare. Now reckon up what expence *I* was at in little banquets, which from day to day *I* made to the Pages of the Palace, and to what end, ſaid *I*? My friend (ſaid he) thou haſt no paſſe-

passe-time at all in this world, *I* have more then the King, and if thou wilt joyne thy selfe with me, we will do the devil together. No, no, (said *I*) by St. *Adauras* that will *I* not, for thou wilt be hanged one time or another: And thou (said he) wilt be interred somtime or other; now which is most honourable, the aire or the earth? Ho, grosse pecore, whilest the Pages are at their banqueting, *I* keep their mules, and to some one *I* cut the stirrup-leather of the mounting side, till it hang but by a thin strap or thread, that when the great puffe-guts of the Counsellor or some other hath taken his swing to get up, he may fall flat on his side like a pork, and so furnish the Spectators with more then a hundred francks worth of laughter. But *I* laugh yet further, to think how at his home-coming the Master-page is to be whipt like green rie, which makes me not to repent what I have bestowed in feasting them. *In* brief, he had (as *I* said before) threescore and three wayes to acquire mony, but he had two hundred and fourteen to spend it, besides his drinking.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

How a great Scholar of England *would have argued against* Pantagruel, *and was overcome by* Panurge.

IN that ſame time, a certain learned man, named *Thaumaſt*, hearing the fame and renown of *Pantagruels* incomparable knowledge, came out of his own countrey of *England*, with an intent only to ſee him, to try thereby, and prove, whether his knowledge in effect was ſo great as it was reported to be. In this reſolution, being arrived at *Paris*, he went forthwith unto the houſe of the ſaid *Pantagruel*, who was lodged in the Palace of St. *Denys*, and was then walking in the garden thereof with *Panurge*, philoſophizing after the faſhion of the Peripateticks. At his firſt entrance he ſtartled, and was almoſt out of his wits for feare, ſeeing him ſo great, and ſo tall, then did he ſalute him courteouſly as the manner is, and ſaid unto him, Very true it is, (ſaith *Plato* the Prince of Philoſophers,) that if the image and knowledge of wiſdom were corporeal and viſible to the eyes of mortals, it would ſtirre up all the world to admire her: which we may the rather

ther beleeve, that the very bare report thereof, ſcattered in the air, if it happen to be received into the eares of men, who for being ſtudious, and lovers of vertuous things, are called Philoſophers, doth not ſuffer them to ſleep nor reſt in quiet, but ſo pricketh them up, and ſets them on fire, to run unto the place where the perſon is, in whom the ſaid knowledge is ſaid to have built her Temple, and uttered her Oracles, as it was manifeſtly ſhewen unto us in the Queen of *Sheba*, who came from the utmoſt borders of the Eaſt and Perſian ſea, to ſee the order of *Solomons* houſe, and to heare his wiſdom; in *Anacharſis*, who came out of *Scythia*, even unto *Athens*, to ſee *Solon*; in *Pythagoras*, who travelled farre to viſit the *Memphitical* Vaticinators; in *Platon*, who went a great way off to ſee the *Magicians* of *Egypt*, and *Architas* of *Tarentum*; in *Apollonius Tyaneus*, who went as farre as unto Mount *Caucaſus*, paſſed along the *Scythians*, the *Maſſagetes*, the *Indians*, and ſailed over the great river *Phiſon*, even to the *Brachmans* to ſee *Hiarchas*; as likewiſe unto *Babylon*, *Chaldea*, *Media*, *Aſſyria*, *Parthia*, *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Arabia*, *Paleſtina* and *Alexandria*, even unto *Æthiopia*, to ſee the *Gymnoſophiſts*: the like example have we of *Titus Livius*, whom to ſee and heare, divers ſtudious perſons came to *Rome*, from the Confines of *France* and *Spaine*; *I*

dare

dare not reckon my ſelf in the number o
thoſe ſo excellent perſons, but well woul
be called ſtudious, and a lover, not only o
learning, but of learned men alſo: and in
deed, having heard the report of your ſo in
eſtimable knowledge, I have left my coun
trey, my friends, my kindred and my houſe,
and am come thus farre, valuing at nothing
the length of the way, the tediouſneſſe o
the ſea, nor ſtrangeneſſe of the land, an
that only to ſee you, and to conferre with yo
about ſome paſſages in Philoſophy, of *Ger
mancie*, and of the Cabaliſtick Art; where
I am doubtful, and cannot ſatisfie my minde,
which if you can reſolve, I yield my ſelf un
to you for a ſlave henceforward, together
with all my poſterity; for other gift have I
none, that I can eſteem a recompence ſuffi
cient for ſo great a favour: I will reduce them
into writing, and to morrow publiſh them to
all the learned men in the City, that we may
diſpute publickly before them.

But ſee in what manner, I mean that we
ſhall diſpute: I will not argue *pro & contra*,
as do the ſottiſh *Sophiſters* of this town, and
other places; likewiſe I will not diſpute after
the manner of the *Academicks* by declamati
on: nor yet by numbers, as *Pythagoras* was
wont to do, and as *Picus de la mirandula* did
of late at *Rome*: but I will diſpute by ſignes
only without ſpeaking, for the matters are ſo

abſtruſe,

abſtruſe, hard and arduous, that words proceeding from the mouth of man, will never be ſufficient for unfolding of them to my liking. May it therefore pleaſe your Magnificence to be there, it ſhall be at the great Hall of *Navarre* at ſeven a clock in the morning. When he had ſpoke theſe words, *Pantagruel* very honourably ſaid unto him, Sir, of the graces that God hath beſtowed upon me, *I* would not deny to communicate unto any man to my power; for whatever comes from him is good, and his pleaſure is, that it ſhould be increaſed, when we come amongſt men worthy and fit to receive this celeſtial Manna of honeſt literature: in which number, becauſe that in this time (as *I* do already very plainly perceive,) thou holdeſt the firſt rank, *I* give thee notice that at all houres thou ſhalt finde me ready to condeſcend to every one of thy requeſts, according to my poor ability: although *I* ought rather to learn of thee, then thou of me, but as thou haſt proteſted, we will conferre of theſe doubts together, and will ſeek out the reſolution, even unto the bottom of that undrainable Well, where *Heraclitus* ſayes the truth lies hidden: and *I* do highly commend the manner of arguing which thou haſt propoſed, to wit, by ſignes without ſpeaking; for by this means thou and *I* ſhall underſtand one another well enough, and yet ſhall be free from this clapping of

hands, which theſe blockiſh Sophiſters make, when any of the Arguers hath gotten the better of the Argument: Now to morrow I will not faile to meet thee at the place and houre that thou haſt appointed, but let me intreat thee that there be not any ſtrife or uproare between us, and that we ſeek not the honour and applauſe of men, but the truth only: to which *Thaumaſt* anſwered, The Lord God maintain you in his favour and grace, and inſtead of my thankfulneſſe to you, poure down his bleſſings upon you, for that your Highneſſe and magnificent greatneſſe, hath not diſdained to deſcend to the grant of the requeſt of my poor baſeneſſe, ſo farewel till to morrow? Farewel, ſaid *Pantagruel*. Gentlemen, you that read this preſent diſcourſe, think not that ever men were more elevated and tranſported in their thoughts, then all this night were both *Thaumaſt* and *Pantagruel*; for the ſaid *Thaumaſt*, ſaid to the Keeper of the houſe of *Cluny*, where he was lodged, that in all his life he had never known himſelf ſo dry, as he was that night. I think (ſaid he) that *Pantagruel* held me by the throat; Give order, I pray you, that we may have ſome drink, and ſee that ſome freſh water be brought to us, to gargle my palat: on the other ſide *Pantagruel* ſtretched his wits as high as he could, entring into very deep and ſerious meditations, and did nothing all the night

night but dote upon, and turn over the book of *Beda, de numeris & ſignis*: *Plotius* book, *de inenarrabilibus*: the book of *Proclus, de magia*: the book of *Artemidorus*, περὶ ὀνειροκριτικῶν; of *Anaxagaras*, περὶ σημείων; *Dinatius*, περὶ ἀφάτων; the books of *Philiſtion*: *Hipponax*, περὶ ἀνεκφωνήτων: and a rabble of others, ſo long, that *Panurge* ſaid unto him,

My Lord, leave all theſe thoughts and go to bed; for *I* perceive your ſpirits to be ſo troubled by a too intenſive bending of them, that you may eaſily fall into ſome Quotidian Fever, with this ſo exceſſive thinking and plodding: but having firſt drunk five and twenty or thirty good draughts, retire your ſelf and ſleep your fill: for in the morning I will argue againſt, and anſwer my Maſter the *Engliſhman*; and if I drive him not *ad metam non loqui*, then call me Knave: Yea, but (ſaid he) my friend *Panurge*, he is marvellouſly learned, how wilt thou be able to anſwer him? Very well, (anſwered *Panurge*) I pray you talk no more of it, but let me alone; is any man ſo learned as the devils are? No, indeed (ſaid *Pantagruel*,) without Gods eſpecial grace: Yet for all that (ſaid *Panurge*) I have argued againſt them, gravelled and blanked them in diſputation, and laid them ſo ſquat upon their tailes, that I have

made them look like Monkies; therefore be assured, that to morrow I will make this vain-glorious *Englishman* to skite vineger before all the world. So *Panurge* spent the night with tipling amongst the Pages, and played away all the points of his breeches at *primus secundus*, and at peck point (in *French* called *Lavergette*.) Yet when the condescended on time was come, he failed not to conduct his Master *Pantagruel* to the appointed place, unto which (beleeve me) there was neither great nor small in *Paris* but came, thinking with themselves that this devillish *Pantagruel*, who had overthrown and vanquished in dispute all these doting fresh-water Sophisters, would now get full payment and be tickled to some purpose; for this *Englishman* is a terrible bustler, and horrible coyle-keeper, we will see who will be Conquerour, for he never met with his match before.

Thus all being assembled, *Thaumast* stayed for them, and then when *Pantagruel* and *Panurge* came into the Hall, all the Schoolboyes, Professors of Arts, Senior-Sophisters and Batchelors began to clap their hands, as their scurvie custome is. But *Pantagruel* cried out with a loud voice, as if it had been the sound of a double canon, saying, Peace. with a devil to you, peace: by G—— you rogues, if you trouble me here, I will cut off the heads of every one of you: at which words they

they remained all daunted and aſtoniſhed, like ſo many ducks, and durſt not do ſo much as cough, although they had ſwallowed fifteen pounds of feathers: withal they grew ſo dry with this only voice, that they laid out their tongues a full half foot beyond their mouthes, as if *Pantagruel* had ſalted all their throats. Then began *Panurge* to ſpeak, ſaying to the *Engliſhman*, Sir, are you come hither to diſpute contentiouſly in thoſe Propoſitions you have ſet down, or otherwayes but to learn and know the truth? To which anſwered *Thaumaſt*, Sir, no other thing bronght me hither, but the great deſire I had to learn, and to kuow that of which *I* have doubted all my life long, and have neither found book nor man able to content me in the reſolution of thoſe doubts which I have propoſed: and as for diſputing contentiouſly, I will not do it, for it is too baſe a thing, and therefore leave it to thoſe ſottiſh *Sophiſters*, who in their diſputes do not ſearch for the truth, but for contradiction only and debate. Then ſaid *Panurge*, if I who am but a mean and inconſiderable diſciple of my Maſter my Lord *Pantagruel*, content and ſatisfie you in all and every thing, it were a thing below my ſaid Maſter, wherewith to trouble him: therefore is it fitter that he be Chair-man, and ſit as a Judge and Moderator of our diſcourſe and purpoſe, and give you ſatisfaction in ma-

ny things, wherein perhaps *I* ſhall be wanting to your expectation. Truly (ſaid *Thaumaſt*) it is very well ſaid: begin then. Now you muſt note that *Panurge* had ſet at the end of his long Codpiece, a pretty tuſt of red ſilk, as alſo of white, green and blew, and within it had put a faire orange.

CHAP. XIX.

How Panurge *put to a* non-plus *the* Engliſhman, *that argued by ſignes.*

EVery body then taking heed, and hearkening with great ſilence, the *Engliſhman* lift up on high into the aire his two hands ſeverally, clunching in all the tops of his fingers, together after the manner which (*alachinonneſe*) they call the hens arſe, and ſtruck the one hand on the other by the nailes foure ſeveral times: then he opening them, ſtruck the one with the flat of the other, till it yielded a claſhing noiſe, and that only once: again in joyning them as before he ſtruck twice, and afterwards foure times in opening them; then did he lay them joyned, and extended the one towards the other, as if he had been devoutly to ſend up his prayers unto God. *Panarge* ſuddenly lifted up in the aire

aire his right hand, and put the thumb thereof into the noſtril of the ſame ſide, holding his foure fingers ſtreight out, and cloſed orderly in a parallel line to the point of his noſe, ſhutting the left eye wholly, and making the other wink with a profound depreſſion of the eye-brows and eye-lids. Then lifted he up his left hand, with hard wringing and ſtretching forth his foure fingers, and elevating his thumb, which he held in a line directly correſpondent to the ſituation of his right hand, with the diſtance of a cubit and a halfe between them. This done, in the ſame forme he abaſed towards the ground, both the one and the other hand; Laſtly, he held them in the midſt, as aiming right at the *Engliſh* mans noſe: And if *Mercurie*, ſaid the *Engliſh* man: there *Panurge* interrupted him, and ſaid, You have ſpoken *Mask*.

Then made the *Engliſh* man this ſigne, his left hand all open he lifted up into the aire, then inſtantly ſhut into his fiſt the foure fingers thereof, and his thumb extended at length he placed upon the griſtle of his noſe: Preſently after, he lifted up his right hand all open, and all open abaſed and bent it downwards, putting the thumb thereof in the very place where the little finger of the left hand did cloſe in the fiſt, and the foure right hand fingers he ſoftly moved in the aire: then contrarily he did with the right hand what he

had done with the left, and with the left what he had done with the right.

Panurge being not a whit amazed at this, drew out into the aire his *Trifmegift* Codpiece with the left hand, and with his right drew forth a trunchion of a white oxe-rib, and two pieces of wood of a like forme, one of black eben, and the other of incarnation brafil, and put them betwixt the fingers of that hand in good fymmetrie: then knocking them together, made fuch a noife as the Lepers of *Britanie* ufe to do with their clappering clickets, yet better refounding, and farre more harmonious; and with his tongue contracted in his mouth, did very merrily warble it, alwayes looking fixedly upon the *Engliſh* man. The Divines, Phyficians and Chirurgions that were there, thought that by this ſigne he would have inferred that the *Engliſh* man was a Leper: the Counſellors, Lawyers and Decretaliſts conceived, that by doing this he would have concluded ſome kinde of mortal felicity to conſiſt in Leproſie, as the Lord maintained heretofore,

The *Engliſh* man for all this was nothing daunted, but holding up his two hands in the aire, kept them in ſuch forme, that he cloſed the three maſter-fingers in his fiſt, and paſſing his thumbs thorough his indical, or foremoſt and middle fingers, his auricularie or little fingers remained extended and ſtretched

ed

ed out, and ſo preſented he them to *Panurge*; then joyned he them ſo, that the right thumb touched the left, and the left little finger touched the right. Hereat *Panurge*, without ſpeaking one word, lift up his hands and made this ſigne.

He put the naile of the forefinger of his left hand, to the naile of the thumb of the ſame, making in the middle of the diſtance as it were a buckle, and of his right hand ſhut up all the fingers into his fiſt, except the forefinger which he often thruſt in and out through the ſaid two others of the left hand: then ſtretched he out the forefinger, and middle finger or medical of his right hand, holding them aſunder as much as he could, and thruſting them towards *Thaumaſt*. Then did he put the thumb of his left hand upon the corner of his left eye, ſtretching out all his hand like the wing of a bird, or the finne of a fiſh, and moving it very daintily this way and that way, he did as much with his right hand upon the corner of his right eye. *Thaumaſt* began then to waxe ſomewhat pale, and to tremble, and made him this ſigne.

With the middle finger of his right hand, he ſtruck againſt the muſcle of the palme or pulp, which is under the thumb: then put he the forefinger of the right hand in the like buckle of the left, but he put it under and not over, as *Panurge* did. Then *Panurge* knock-

ed

ed one hand againſt another, and blowed in his palme, and put again the forefinger of his right hand into the overture or mouth of the left, pulling it often in and out; then held he out his chinne, moſt intentively looking upon *Thaumaſt*. The people there which underſtood nothing in the other ſignes, knew very well what therein he demanded (without ſpeaking a word to *Thaumaſt*,) What do you mean by that? *In* effect, *Thaumaſt* then began to ſweat great drops, and ſeemed to all the Spectators a man ſtrangely raviſhed in high contemplation. Then he bethought himſelf, and put all the nailes of his left hand againſt thoſe of his right, opening his fingers as if they had been ſemicircles, and with this ſigne lift up his hands as high as he could. Whereupon *Panurge* preſently put the thumb of his right hand under his jawes, and the little finger thereof in the mouth of the left hand, and in this poſture made his teeth to ſound very melodiouſly, the upper againſt the lower. With this *Thaumaſt* with great toile and vexation of ſpirit roſe up, but in riſing let a great bakers fart, for the bran came after, and piſſing withal very ſtrong vineger, ſtunk like all the devils in hell: the company began to ſtop their noſes; for he had conskited himſelf with meer anguiſh and perplexity. Then lifted he up his right hand, clunching it in ſuch ſort, that he brought the

ends

ends of all his fingers to meet together, and his left hand he laid flat upon his breaſt: whereat *Panurge* drew out his long Codpiece with his tuffe, and ſtretched it forth a cubit and a half, holding it in the aire with his right hand, and with his left took out his orange, and caſting it up into the aire ſeven times, at the eight he hid it in the fiſt of his right hand, holding it ſteadily up on high, and then began to ſhake his faire Codpiece, ſhewing it to *Thaumaſt*.

After that *Thaumaſt* began to puffe up his two cheeks like a player on a bagpipe, and blew as if he had been to puffe up a pigs bladder; whereupon *Panurge* put one finger of his left hand in his nockandrow, by ſome called St. *Patricks* hole, and with his mouth ſuck't in the aire, in ſuch a manner as when one eats oyſters in the ſhell, or when we ſup up our broth; this done, he opened his mouth ſomewhat, and ſtruck his right hand flat upon it, making therewith a great and a deep ſound. as if it came from the ſuperficies of the midriffe through the *trachiartere* or pipe of the lungs, and this he did for ſixteen times: but *Thaumaſt* did alwayes keep blowing like a gooſe. Then *Panurge* put the fore-finger of his right hand into his mouth, preſſing it very hard to the muſcles thereof; then he drew it out, aud withal made a great noiſe, as when little boyes ſhoot pellets out

of

of the pot-canons made of the hollow ſticks of the branch of an aulder-tree, and he did it nine times.

Then *Thaumaſt* cried out, Ha, my Maſters, a great ſecret; with this he put in his hand up to the elbow; then drew out a dagger that he had, holding it by the point downwards; whereat *Panurge* took his long Codpiece, and ſhook it as hard as he could againſt his thighes; then put his two hands intwined in manner of a combe upon his head, laying out his tongue as farre as he was able; and turning his eyes in his head, like a goat that is ready to die. Ha, I underſtand (ſaid *Thaumaſt*) but what? making ſuch a ſigne, that he put the haft of his dagger againſt his breaſt, and upon the point thereof the flat of his hand, turning in a little the ends of his fingers; whereat *Panurge* held down his head on the left ſide, and put his middle finger into his right eare, holding up his thumb bolt upright; then he croſt his two armes upon his breaſt, and coughed five times, and at the fifth time he ſtruck his right foot againſt the ground: then he lift up his left arme, and cloſing all his fingers into his fiſt, held his thumbe againſt his forehead, ſtriking with his right hand ſix times againſt his breaſt. But *Thaumaſt*, as not content therewith, put the thumb of his left hand upon the top of his noſe, ſhutting the reſt of his ſaid hand: where-

whereupon *Panurge* ſet his two Maſter-fingers upon each ſide of his mouth, drawing it as much as he was able, and widening it ſo, that he ſhewed all his teeth: and with his two thumbs pluck't down his two eye-lids very low, making therewith a very ill-favour'd countenance, as it ſeemed to the company.

CHAP. XX.

How Thaumaſt *relateth the vertues, and knowledge of* Panurge.

THen *Thaumaſt* roſe up, and putting off his cap, did very kindly thank the ſaid *Panurge*, and with a loud voice ſaid unto all the people that were there, My Lords, Gentlemen and others, at this time may I to ſome good purpoſe ſpeak that Evangelical word, *Et ecce plus quàm Salomon hîc*: You have here in your preſence an incomparable treaſure, that is, my Lord *Pantagruel*, whoſe great renown hath brought me hither, out of the very heart of *England*, to conferre with him about the inſoluble problemes, both in *Magick*, *Alchymie*, the *Caballe*, *Geomancie*, *Aſtrologie* and *Philoſophie*, which I had in my minde: but at preſent I am angry, even with

fame it ſelf, which I think was envious to him, for that it did not declare the thouſandth part of the worth that indeed is in him: You have ſeen how his diſciple only hath ſatisfied me, and hath told me more then *I* asked of him: beſides, he hath opened unto me, and reſolved other ineſtimable doubts, wherein I can aſſure you he hath to me diſcovered the very true Well, Fountain and Abyſſe of the *Encyclopedeia* of learning; yea in ſuch a ſort, that I did not think I ſhould ever have found a man that could have made his skill appear, in ſo much as the firſt elements of that concerning which we diſputed by ſignes, without ſpeaking either word or half word. But in fine, I will reduce into writing that which we have ſaid and concluded, that the world may not take them to be fooleries, and will thereafter cauſe them to be printed, that every one may learne as I have done. Judge then what the Maſter had been able to ſay, ſeeing the diſciple hath done ſo valiantly; for, *Non eſt diſcipulus ſuper Magiſtrum.* Howſoever God be praiſed, and *I* do very humbly thank you, for the honour that you have done us at this Act: God reward you for it eternally: the like thanks gave *Pantagruel* to all the company, and going from thence, he carried *Thaumaſt* to dinner with him, and beleeve that they drank as much as their skins could hold, or, as the

phraſe

phraſe is, with unbottoned bellies, (for in that age they made faſt their bellies with buttons, as we do now the colars of our doublets or jerkins) even till they neither knew where they were, nor whence they came. Bleſſed Lady, how they did carouſe it, and pluck (as we ſay) at the Kids leather: and flaggons to trot, and they to toote, Draw, give (page) ſome wine here reach hither, fill with a devil, ſo? There was not one but did drink five and twenty or thirty pipes, can you tell how? even *Sicut terra ſine aqua*; for the weather was hot, and beſides, that they were very dry. In matter of the expoſition of the Propoſitions ſet down by *Thaumaſt*: and the ſignification of the ſignes which they uſed in their diſputation, *I* would have ſet them down for you according to their own relation: but I have been told that *Thaumaſt* made a great book of it imprinted at *London*, wherein he hath ſet down all without omitting any thing, and therefore at this time I do paſſe by it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

How Panutge *was in love with a Lady of* Paris.

PAnurge began to be in great reputation in the City of *Paris*, by means of this diſputation, wherein he prevailed againſt the *Engliſh* man, and from thenceforth made his Codpiece to be very uſeful to him, to which effect he had it pinked with pretty little Embroideries after the *Romaneſca* faſhion; And the world did praiſe him publickly, in ſo farre that there was a ſong made of him, which little children did uſe to ſing, when they went to fetch muſtard: he was withal made welcome in all companies of Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſo that at laſt he became preſumptuous, and went about to bring to his lure one of the greateſt Ladies in the City: and indeed leaving a rabble of long prologues and proteſtations, which ordinarily theſe dolent contemplative Lent-lovers make, who never meddle with the fleſh; one day he ſaid unto her, *Madam*, it would be a very great benefit to the Common-wealth, delightful to you, honourable to your progeny, and neceſſary for me, that I cover you for the propagating

pagating of my race, and beleeve it, for experience will teach it you: the Lady at this word thruſt him back above a hundred leagues, ſaying, You miſchievous foole, is it for you to talk thus unto me? whom do you think you have in hand? be gone, never to come in my ſight again; for if one thing were not, I would have your legs and armes cut off. Well, (ſaid he) that were all one to me, to want both legs and armes, provided you and *I* had but one merry bout together, at the brangle buttock-game; for here within is (in ſhewing her his long Codpiece) Maſter *John Thurſday*, who will play you ſuch an *Antick*, that you ſhall feel the ſweetneſſe thereof even to the very marrow of your bones: He is a gallant, and doth ſo well know how to finde out all the corners, creeks and ingrained inmates in your carnal trap, that after him there needs no broom, he'l ſweep ſo well before, and leave nothing to his followers to work upon: whereunto the Lady anſwered, Go, villain, go, if you ſpeak to me one ſuch word more, *I* will cry out, and make you to be knocked down with blowes. Ha, (ſaid he) you are not ſo bad as you ſay, no, or elſe *I* am deceived in your phyſiognomie, for ſooner ſhall the earth mount up unto the Heavens, and the higheſt Heavens deſcend unto the Hells, and all the courſe of nature be quite

perverted, then that in ſo great beauty and neatneſſe as in you is, there ſhould be one drop of gall or malice: they ſay indeed, that hardly ſhall a man ever ſee a faire woman that is not alſo ſtubborn: yet that is ſpoke only of thoſe vulgar beauties, but yours is ſo excellent, ſo ſingular, and ſo heavenly, that I beleeve nature hath given it you as a paragon, and maſter-piece of her Art, to make us know what ſhe can do, when ſhe will imploy all her skill, and all her power. There is nothing in you but honey, but ſugar, but a ſweet and celeſtial Manna: to you it was, to whom *Paris* ought to have adjudged the golden Apple, not to *Venus*, no, nor to *Juno*, nor to *Minerva*; for never was there ſo much magnificence in *Juno*, ſo much wiſdom in *Minerva*, nor ſo much comelineſſe in *Venus*, as there is in you. O heavenly *gods* and *goddeſſes*! how happy ſhall that man be to whom you will grant the favour to embrace her, to kiſſe her, and to rub his bacon with hers? by G-- that ſhall be I, I know it well; for ſhe loves me already her belly full, I am ſure of it, and ſo was I predeſtinated to it by the *Fairies*: and therefore that we loſe no time, put on, thruſt out your gamons, and would have embraced her, but ſhe made as if ſhe would put out her head at the window, to call her neighbours for help. Then *Panurge* on a ſudden ran out, and in his running away ſaid

ſaid, *Madam*, ſtay here till I come again, I will go call them my ſelf, do not you take ſo much paines: thus went he away not much caring for the repulſe he had got, nor made he any whit the worſe cheer for it. The next day he came to the Church, at the time that ſhe went to Maſſe, at the door he gave her ſome of the holy water, bowing himſelf very low before her, afterwards he kneeled down by her very familiarly, and ſaid unto her, *Madam*, know that I am ſo amorous of you, that I can neither piſſe nor dung for love: *I* do not know (*Lady*,) what you mean, but if *I* ſhould take any hurt by it, how much would you be too blame? Go, ſaid ſhe, go, *I* do not care, let me alone to ſay my prayers. *I* but (ſaid he) equivocate upon this; *a Beaumont le viconte*, or to faire mount the priccunts: *I* cannot, ſaid ſhe: It is, ſaid he, *a beaumont le vit monte*, or to a faire C... the pr... mounts: and upon this pray to God to give you that which your noble heart deſireth, and *I* pray you give me theſe patenotres. Take them (ſaid ſhe) & trouble me no longer: this done, ſhe would have taken off her patenotres, which were made of a kinde of yellow ſtone called *Ceſtrin*, and adorned with great ſpots of gold, but *Panurge* nimbly drew out one of his knives, wherewith he cut them off very handſomly, and whileſt he was going away to carry them to the Brokers, he

ſaid to her, Will you have my knife? No, no, ſaid ſhe: But (ſaid he) to the purpoſe, *I* am at your commandment, body and goods, tripes and bowels.

In the mean time, the Lady was not very well content with the want of her patinotres; for they were one of her implements to keep her countenance by in the Church: then thought with her ſelf, this bold flowting Royſter, is ſome giddy, fantaſtical, light-headed foole of a ſtrange countrey; *I* ſhall never recover my patenotres again, what will my husband ſay, he will no doubt be angry with me; but I will tell him that a thief hath cut them off from my hands in the Church, which he will eaſily beleeve, ſeeing the end of the riban left at my girdle. After dinner *Panurge* went to ſee her carrying in his ſleeve a great purſe full of Palace-crowns called counters, and began to ſay unto her, Which of us two loveth other beſt, you me, or I you? whereunto ſhe anſwered, As for me, I do not hate you; for as God commands, I love all the world: But to the purpoſe, (ſaid he) are not you in love with me? I have (ſaid ſhe) told you ſo many times already, that you ſhould talk ſo no more to me, and if you ſpeak of it again, I will teach you, that I am not one to be talked unto diſhoneſtly: get you hence packing, and deliver me my patenotres, that my husband may not ask me for them.

How

How now, (*Madam*) ſaid he, your patenotres? nay, by mine oath I will not do ſo, but I will give you others; had you rather have them of gold well enameled in great round knobs, or after the manner of loveknots, or otherwiſe all maſſive, like great *ingots*, or if you had rather have them of *Ebene*, of *Jacinth*, or of *grained* gold, with the marks of fine *Turkoiſes*, or of faire *Topazes*, marked with fine *Saphirs*, or of *baleu Rubies*, with great marks of *Diamonds* of eight and twenty ſquares? No, no, all this is too little; I know a faire bracelet of fine *Emeraulds*, marked with ſpotted *Ambergris*, and at the buckle a *Perſian pearle* as big as an Orange: it will not coſt above five and twenty thouſand ducates, I will make you a preſent of it, for *I* have ready coine enough, and withal he made a noiſe with his counters as if they had been *French* Crownes.

Will yon have a piece of velvet, either of the violet colour, or of crimſon died in graine: or a piece of broached or crimſon ſattin: will you have chaines, gold, tablets, rings? You need no more but ſay, Yes, ſo farre as fifty thouſand ducates may reach, it is but as nothing to me; by the vertue of which words he made the water come in her mouth: but ſhe ſaid unto him, No, I thank you, *I* will have nothing of you. By G-- ſaid he, but I will have ſomewhat of you; yet ſhall

it be that which ſhall coſt you nothing, neither ſhall you have a jot the leſſe, when you have given it; hold, (ſhewing his long Codpiece) this is Maſter *John Good fellow*, that askes for lodging, and with that would have embraced her; but ſhe began to cry out, yet not very loud. Then *Panurge* put off his counterfeit garb, changed his falſe viſage, and ſaid unto her, You will not then otherwayes let me do a little, a turd for you, you do not deſerve ſo much good, nor ſo much honour: but by G-- I will make the dogs ride you, and with this he ran away as faſt as he could, for feare of blowes, whereof he was naturally fearful.

CHAP. XXII.

How Panurge *ſerved a Pariſian Lady a trick that pleaſed her not very well.*

NOw you muſt note that the next day was the great feſtival of *Corpus Chriſti*, called the *Sacre*, wherein all women put on their beſt apparel, and on that day the ſaid Lady was cloathed in a rich gown of crimſon-ſattin, under which ſhe wore a very coſtly white velvet petticoat.

The day of the Eve (called the vigile)

Panurge

Panurge ſearched ſo long of one ſide and another, that he found a hot or ſalt bitch, which when he had tied her with his girdle, he led to his chamber, and fed her very well all that day and night; in the morning thereafter he killed her, and took that part of her which the *Greek* Geomanciers know, and cut it into ſeveral pieces as ſmall as he could; then carrying it away as cloſe as might be, he went to the place where the Lady was to come along, to follow the Proceſſion, as the cuſtome is upon the ſaid holy day; and when ſhe came in, *Panurge* ſprinkled ſome holy water on her, ſaluting her very courteouſly: then a little while after ſhe had ſaid her petty devotions, he ſate down cloſe by her upon the ſame bench, and gave her this roundlay in writing, in manner as followeth.

A Roundlay.

For this one time, that I to you my love
Diſcovered, you did too cruel prove
To ſend me packing, hopeleſſe, and ſo ſoon,
Who never any wrong to you had done
In any kinde of action, word or thought:
So that if my ſuit lik'd you not, you ought
T' have ſpoke more civilly, and to this ſenſe,
My friend, be pleaſed to depart from hence
For this one time.

What hurt do *I* to wiſh you to remark
With favour and compaſſion how a ſpark
Of your great beauty hath inflam'd my heart
With deep affection, and that for my part,
I only ask that you with me would dance
The brangle gay in feats of dalliance

For this one time.

And as ſhe was opening this paper to ſee what it was, *Panurge* very promptly and lightly ſcattered the drug that he had, upon her in divers places, but eſpecially in the plaits of her ſleeves, and of her gowne: then ſaid he unto her, Madam, the poor lovers are not alwayes at eaſe; as for me, *I* hope that thoſe heavy nights, thoſe paines and troubles which *I* ſuffer for love of you, ſhall be a deduction to me of ſo much paine in Purgatory: yet at the leaſt pray to God to give me patience in my miſery. *Panurge* had no ſooner ſpoke this, but all the dogs that were in the Church came running to this Lady with the ſmell of the drugs that he had ſtrowed upon her, both ſmall and great, big and little, all came, laying out their member; ſmelling to her, and piſſing every where upon her, it was the greateſt villainy in the world. *Panurge* made the faſhion of driving them away: then took his leave of her, and withdrew himſelf into ſome Chappel or

O-

Oratory of the ſaid Church, to ſee the ſport; for theſe villainous dogs did compiſſe all her habiliaments, aud left none of her attire unbeſprinkled with their ſtaling, in ſo much that a tall grey-hound piſt upon her head, others in her ſleeves, others on her crupper-piece, and the little ones piſſed upon her pataines: ſo that all the women that were round about her had much ado to ſave her. Whereat *Panurge* very heartily laughing, he ſaid to one of the Lords of the City, *I* beleeve that the ſame Lady is hot, or elſe that ſome grey-hound hath covered her lately. And when he ſaw that all the dogs were flocking about her, yarring at the retardment of their acceſſe to her, and every way keeping ſuch a coyle with her, as they are wont to do about a proud or ſalt bitch, he forthwith departed from thence, and went to call *Pantagruel*: not forgetting in his way alongſt all the ſtreets, thorough which he went, where he found any dogs to give them a bang with his foot, ſaying, Will you not go with your fellowes to the wedding? Away, hence, avant, avant, with a devil avant: And being come home, he ſaid to *Pantagruel*, Maſter, *I* pray you come and ſee all the dogs of the countrey, how they are aſſembled about a Lady, the faireſt in the City, and would duſle and line her; whereunto *Pantagruel* willingly condeſcended, and ſaw the myſtery, which he found very pretty and ſtrange:

ſtrange: But the beſt was at the Proceſſion, in which were ſeen above ſix hundred thouſand and fourteen dogs about her, which did very much trouble and moleſt her, and whitherſoever ſhe paſt, thoſe dogs that came afreſh, tracing her footſteps, followed her at the heeles, and piſt in the way where her gown had touched. All the world ſtood gazing at this ſpectacle, conſidering the countenance of thoſe dogs, who leaping up got about her neck, and ſpoiled all her gorgeous accoutrements, for the which ſhe could finde no remedy, but to retire unto her houſe, which was a Palace: Thither ſhe went, and the dogs after her; ſhe ran to hide her ſelf, but the Chamber-maids could not abſtaine from laughing. When ſhe was entered into the houſe, and had ſhut the door upon her ſelf, all the dogs came running, of halfe a league round, and did ſo well bepiſſe the gate of her houſe, that there they made a ſtream with their urine, wherein a duck might have very well ſwimmed, and it is the ſame current that now runs at St. *Victor*, in which *Gobelin* dieth ſcarlet, for the ſpecifical vertue of theſe piſſe-dogs, as our Maſter *Doribus* did heretofore preach publickly. So may God help you; a Mill would have ground corne with it; yet not ſo much as thoſe of *Baſacle* at *Toulouſe*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

How Pantagruel *departed from* Paris, *hearing newes, that the* Dipſodes *had invaded the Land of the* Amaurots: *and the cauſe wherefore the leagues are ſo ſhort in* France.

A Little while after *Pantagruel* heard newes that his father *Gargantua* had been tranſlated into the land of the Fairies by *Morgue*, as heretofore were *Oger* and *Arthur* together, and that the report of his tranſlation being ſpread abroad, the *Dipſodes* had iſſued out beyond their borders, with inrodes had waſted a great part of *Utopia*, and at that very time had beſieged the great City of the *Amaurots*; whereupon departing from *Paris*, without bidding any man farewel, for the buſineſſe required diligence, he came to *Rowen*.

Now *Pantagruel* in his journey, ſeeing that the leagues of that little territory about *Paris* called *France*, were very ſhort in regard of thoſe of other Countreys, demanded the cauſe and reaſon of it from *Panurge*, who told him a ſtory which *Marotus* ſet down of the *lac Monachus*, in the acts of the Kings of *Canarre*

narre, ſaying, that in old times Countreys were not diſtinguiſhed into leagues, miles, furlongs, nor paraſanges, until that King *Pharamond* divided them, which was done in manner as followeth. The ſaid King choſe at *Paris* a hundred faire, gallant, luſtie, briske young men, all reſolute and bold adventurers in *Cupids* duels, together with a hundred comely, pretty, handſome, lovely and well complexioned wenches of *Picardie*, all which he cauſed to be well entertained, and highly fed for the ſpace of eight dayes; then having called for them, he delivered to every one of the young men his wench, with ſtore of money to defray their charges, and this injunction beſides, to go unto divers places here and there, and whereſoever they ſhould biſcot and thrum their wenches, that thy ſetting a ſtone there, it ſhould be accounted for a league: thus went away thoſe brave fellows and ſprightly blades moſt merrily, and becauſe they were freſh, and had been at reſt, they very often jum'd and fanfreluched almoſt at every fields end, and this is the cauſe why the leagues about *Paris* are ſo ſhort; but when they had gone a great way, and were now as weary as poor devils, all the oile in their lamps being almoſt ſpent, they did not chink and duſle ſo often, but contented themſelves, (*I* mean for the mens part,) with one ſcurvie paultry bout in a day, and this

this is that which makes the leagues in *Britany*, *Delanes*, *Germany*, and other more remote Countreys ſo long: other men give other reaſons for it, but this ſeems to me of all other the beſt. To which *Pantagruel* willingly adhered. Parting from *Rowen*, they arrived at *Honfleur*, where they took ſhipping, *Pantagruel*, *Panurge*, *Epiſtemon*, *Euſthenes* and *Carpalim*.

In which place, waiting for a favourable winde, and caulking their ſhip, he received from a Lady of *Paris* (which *I* had formerly kept, and entertained a good long time,) a letter directed on the out-ſide thus, *To the beſt beloved of the faire women, and leaſt loyal of the valiant men,*

PNTGRL.

CHAP. XXIV.

A Letter which a meſſenger brought to Pantagruel *from a Lady of* Paris, *together with the expoſition of a Poſie, written in a gold Ring.*

WHen *Pantagruel* had read the ſuperſcription, he was much amazed, and therefore demanded of the ſaid meſſenger the

the name of her that had ſent it: then opened he the letter, and found nothing written in it, nor otherwayes incloſed, but only a gold ring, with a ſquare table-diamond. Wondering at this, he called *Panurge* to him, and ſhewed him the caſe; whereupon *Panurge* told him, that the leafe of paper was written upon, but with ſuch cunning and artifice that no man could ſee the writing at the firſt ſight, therefore to finde it out he ſet it by the fire, to ſee if it was made with *Sal Armoniack* ſoaked in water; then put he it into the water, to ſee if the letter was written with the juice of *Tithymalle*: after that he held it up againſt the candle, to ſee if it was written with the juice of white onions.

Then he rubbed one part of it with oile of nuts, to ſee if it were not written with the lee of a fig-tree: and another part of it with the milk of a woman giving ſuck to her eldeſt daughter, to ſee if it was written with the blood of red toads, or green earth-frogs: Afterwards he rubbed one corner with the aſhes of a Swallowes neſt, to ſee if it were not written with the dew that is found within the herb *Alcakengie*, called the winter-cherry. He rubbed after that one end with eare-wax, to ſee if it were not written with the gall of a Raven: then did he dip it into vineger, to try if it was not written with the juice of the garden *Spurge*: After that he greaſed it with

the

the fat of a bat or flittermouſe, to ſee if it was not written with the ſperm of a whale, which ſome call ambergris: Then put it very fairly into a baſin full of freſh water, and forthwith took it out, to ſee whether it were written with ſtone-allum: But after all experiments, when he perceived that he could finde out nothing, he called the meſſenger, and asked him, Good fellow, the Lady that ſent thee hither, did ſhe not give thee a ſtaffe to bring with thee? thinking that it had been according to the conceit, whereof *Aulus Gellius* maketh mention, and the Meſſenger anſwered him, *No, Sir.* Then *Panurge* would have cauſed his head to be ſhaven, to ſee whether the Lady had written upon his bald pate, with the hard lie whereof ſope is made, that which ſhe meant; but perceiving that his hair was very long, he forbore, conſidering that it could not have grown to ſo great a length in ſo ſhort a time.

Then he ſaid to *Pantagruel*, Maſter, by the vertue of G-- I cannot tell what to do nor ſay in it; for to know whether there be any thing written upon this or no; *I* have made uſe of a good part of that which Maſter *Franciſco di Nianto*, the *Tuſcan* ſets down, who hath written the manner of reading letters that do not appear; that which *Zoroaſtes* publiſhed, *peri grammaton acriton*; and *Calphurnius Baſſus de literis illegibilibus*: but *I* can

can see nothing, nor do I beleeve that there is any thing else in it then the Ring: let us therefore look upon it, which when they had done, they found this in *Hebrew* written within, *Lamach ſabathani*; whereupon they called *Epiſtemon*, and asked him what that meant? to which he answered, that they were *Hebrew* words, signifying, *Wherefore haſt thou forſaken me?* upon that *Panurge* ſuddenly replied: *I* know the mystery, do you see this diamond? it is a false one; this then is the exposition of that which the Lady meanes, *Diamant faux*, that is, false lover, why hast thou forsaken me? which interpretation *Pantagruel* presently understood, and withal remembering, that at his departure he had not bid the Lady farewel, he was very sorry, and would faine have returned to *Paris*, to make his peace with her; but *Epiſtemon* put him in minde of *Æneas*'s departure from *Dido*, and the saying of *Heraclitus* of *Tarentum*, That the ship being at anchor when need requireth, we must cut the cable rather then lose time about untying of it, and that he should lay aside all other thoughts to succour the City of his Nativity, which was then in danger; and indeed within an houre after that, the winde arose at the North-north-west, wherewith they hoised saile, and put out, even into the maine sea, so that within few dayes, passing by *Porto Sancto*, and by the *Maderas*, they

they went aſhore in the *Canarie* iſlands; parting from thence, they paſſed by *Capobianco*, by *Senege*, by *Capoverde*, by *Gambre*, by *Sagres*, by *Melli*, by the *Cap di buona Speranza*, and ſet aſhore againe in the Kingdom of *Melinda*; parting from thence, they ſailed away with a tramoutan or northerly winde, paſſing by *Meden*, by *Uti*, by *Uden*, by *Gelaſim*, by the iſles of the Fairies, and alongſt the Kingdome of *Achorie*, till at laſt they arrived at the port of *Utopia*, diſtant from the City of the *Amaurots* three leagues and ſomewhat more.

When they were aſhore, and pretty well refreſhed, *Panurge* ſaid, Gentlemen, the City is not farre from hence, therefore were it not amiſſe before we ſet forward, to adviſe well what is to be done, that we be not like the *Athenians*, who never took counſel until after the fact: Are you reſolved to live and die with me? Yes, Sir, ſaid they all, and be as confident of us, as of your own fingers. Well (ſaid he) there is but one thing that keeps my minde in great doubt and ſuſpenſe, which is this, that I know not in what order nor of what number the enemie is, that layeth ſiege to the City; for if I were certain of that, I ſhould go forward, and ſet on with the better aſſurance. Let us therefore conſult together, and bethink our ſelves by what meanes we may come to this intelligence: where-

unto they all ſaid, Let us go thither and ſee, and ſtay you here for us, for this very day, without further reſpite do we make account to bring you a certain report thereof.

My ſelf (ſaid *Panurge*) will undertake to enter into their camp, within the very midſt of their guards, uneſpied by their watch, and merrily feaſt and lecher it at their coſt, without being known of any, to ſee the Artillery and the Tents of all the Captaines, and thruſt my ſelf in with a grave and magnifick carriage, amongſt all their troops and companies, without being diſcovered; the devill would not be able to peck me out with all his circumventions: for I am of the race of *Zopyrus*.

And I (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) know all the plots and ſtratagems of the valiant Captaines, and warlike Champions of former ages, together with all the tricks and ſubtilties of the Art of warre; I will go, and though I be detected and revealed, I will eſcape, by making them beleeve of you whatever *I* pleaſe, for I am of the race of *Sinon*.

I (ſaid *Euſthenes*) will enter and ſet upon them in their trenches, in ſpight of their Sentries, and all their guards; for *I* will tread upon their bellies, and break their legs and armes, yea though they were every whit as ſtrong as the devil himſelf; for I am of the race of *Hercules*.

And

And I (ſaid *Carpalin*) will get in there, if the birds can enter, for I am ſo nimble of body, and light withal, that I ſhall have leaped over their trenches, and ran clean through all their camp, before that they perceive me; neither do I feare ſhot, nor arrow, nor horſe, how ſwift ſoever, were he the *Pegaſus* of *Perſee*, or *Pacolet*; being aſſured that *I* ſhall be able to make a ſafe and ſound eſcape before them all, without any hurt: *I* will undertake to walk upon the eares of corne, or graſſe in the meddows, without making either of them do ſo much as bow under me; for *I* am of the race of *Camilla* the *Amazone*.

CHAP. XXV.

How Panurge, Carpalin, Euſthenes *and* Epiſtemon (*the Gentlemen Attendants of* Pantagruel,) *vanquiſhed and diſcomfited ſix hundred and threeſcore horſemen very cunningly.*

AS he was ſpeaking this, they perceived ſix hundred and threeſcore light horſemen, gallantly mounted, who made an outrode thither, to ſee what ſhip it was that was newly arrived in the harbour, and came in a

full gallop to take them if they had been able: Then ſaid *Pantagruel*, my Lads, retire your ſelves unto the ſhip, here are ſome of our enemies coming apace, but I will kill them here before you like beaſts, although they were ten times ſo many, in the meane time withdraw your ſelves, and take your ſport at it. Then anſwered *Panurge*, No, Sir, there is no reaſon that you ſhould do ſo, but on the contrary retire you unto the ſhip, both you and the reſt; for I alone will here diſcomfit them, but we muſt not linger, come, ſet forward; whereunto the others ſaid, It is well adviſed, Sir, withdraw your ſelf, and we will help *Panurge* here, ſo ſhall you know what we are able to do: Then ſaid *Pantagruel*, Well, I am content, but if that you be too weak, I will not faile to come to your aſſiſtance. With this *Panurge* took two great cables of the ſhip, and tied them to the kemſtock or capſtane which was on the deck towards the hatches, and faſtened them in the ground, making a long circuit, the one further off, the other within that. Then ſaid he to *Epiſtemon*, Go aboard the ſhip, and when I give you a call, turn about the capſtane upon the orlop diligently, drawing unto you the two cable-ropes: and ſaid to *Euſthenes*, and to *Carpalin*, *My Bullies*, ſtay you here, and offer your ſelves freely to your enemies, do as they bid you, and make as if you would

yield

yield unto them: but take heed you come not within the compaſſe of the ropes, be ſure to keep your ſelves free of them; and preſently he went aboard the ſhip, and took a bundle of ſtraw, and a barrel of gun-powder, ſtrowed it round about the compaſſe of the cordes, and ſtood by with a brand of fire or match lighted in his hand. Preſently came the horſemen with great fury, and the foremoſt ran almoſt home to the ſhip, and by reaſon of the ſlipperineſſe of the bank, they fell they and their horſes, to the number of foure and fourty, which the reſt ſeeing, came on, thinking that reſiſtance had been made them at their arrival: But *Panurge* ſaid unto them, My Maſters, *I* beleeve that you have hurt your ſelves, *I* pray you pardon us, for it is not our fault, but the ſlipperineſſe of the ſea-water, that is alwayes flowing; we ſubmit our ſelves to your good pleaſure; ſo ſaid likewiſe his two other fellowes, and *Epiſtemon* that was upon the deck; in the mean time *Panurge* withdrew himſelfe, and ſeeing that they were all within the compaſſe of the cables, and that his two companions were retired, making room for all thoſe horſes which came in a croud, thronging upon the neck of one another to ſee the ſhip, and ſuch as were in it cried out on a ſudden to *Epiſtemon*, Draw, draw: then began *Epiſtemon* to winde about the capſtane, by doing

ing whereof the two cables ſo intangled and impeſtered the legs of the horſes, that they were all of them thrown down to the ground eaſily, together with their Riders: but they ſeeing that, drew their ſwords, and would have cut them: whereupon *Panurge* ſet fire to the traine, and there burnt them up all like damned ſouls, both men and horſes, not one eſcaping ſave one alone, who being mounted on a fleet *Turkie* courſer, by meere ſpeed in flight got himſelf out of the circle of the ropes; but when *Carpalin* perceived him, he ran after him with ſuch nimbleneſſe and celerity, that he overtook him in leſſe then a hundred paces; then leaping cloſe behinde him upon the crupper of his horſe, claſped him in his armes, and brought him back to the ſhip.

This exploit being ended *Pantagruel* was very jovial, and wondrouſly commended the induſtry of theſe Gentlemen, whom he called his fellow-ſouldiers, and made them refreſh themſelves, and feed well and merrily upon the ſea-ſhore, and drink heartily with their bellies upon the ground, and their priſoner with them, whom they admitted to that familiarity: only that the poor devil was ſomewhat afraid that *Pantagruel* would have eaten him up whole, which, conſidering the wideneſſe of his mouth, and capacity of his throat, was no great matter for him to have

have done; for he could have done it, as eaſily as you would eate a ſmall comfit, he ſhewing no more in his throat, then would a graine of millet-ſeed in the mouth of an Aſſe.

CHAP. XXVI.

How Pantagruel *and his company were weary in eating ſtill ſalt meats: and how* Carpalin *went a hunting to have ſome Veniſon.*

THus as they talked & chatted together, *Carpalin* ſaid, And by the belly of St. *Quenet*, ſhal we never eat any veniſon? this ſalt meat makes me horribly dry, *I* will go fetch you a quarter of one of thoſe horſes which we have burnt, it is well roaſted already: as he was riſing up to go about it, he perceived under the ſide of a wood a fair great roe-buck, which was come out of his Fort (as I conceive) at the ſight of *Panurge*'s fire: him did he purſue and run after with as much vigour and ſwiftneſſe, as if it had been a bolt out of a Croſſebowe, and caught him in a moment; and whileſt he was in his courſe, he with his hands took in the aire foure great buſtards, ſeven bitterns, ſix and twenty gray partridges,

two and thirty red legged ones, sixteen pheasants, nine woodcocks, nineteen herons, two and thirty coushots and ring-doves; and with his feet killed ten or twelve hares and rabbets, which were then at relief, and pretty big withal, eighteen rayles in a knot together, with fifteen young wilde boares, two little Bevers, and three great foxes: so striking the Kid with his fauchion athwart the head he killed him, and bearing him on his back, he in his return took up his hares, rayls, and young wilde boares, and as far off as he could be heard, cried out, & said, P*anurge* my friend, vineger, vineger: then the good P*antagruel*, thinking he had fainted, commanded them to provide him some vineger; but P*anurge* knew well that there was some good prey in hands, and forthwith shewed unto noble P*antagruel* how he was bearing upon his back a faire roe-buck, and all his girdle bordered with hares; then immediately did *Epistemon* make in the name of the nine Muses, nine antick wooden spits: *Eusthenes* did help to flay, and P*anurge* placed two great cuirasier saddles, in such sort that they served for Andirons and making their prisoner to be their Cook, they roasted their venison by the fire, wherein the horsemen were burnt: and making great chear with a good deal of vineger, the devil a one of them did forbear from his victuals, it was a triumphant and incom-

incomparable ſpectacle to ſee how they ravened and devoured. Then ſaid *Pantagruel*, Would to God every one of you had two paires of little *Anthem* or *Sacring* bells hanging at your chin, and that *I* had at mine the great clocks of *Renes*, of *Poitiers*, of *Tours*, and of *Cambray*, to ſee what a peale they would ring with the wagging of our chaps; But, ſaid *Panurge*, it were better we thought a little upon our buſineſſe, and by what meanes we might get the upper hand of our enemies: That is well remembered, ſaid *Pantagruel*; therefore ſpoke he thus to the priſoner, My friend, tell us here the truth, and do not lie to us at all, if thou wouldeſt not be flayed alive, for it is *I* that eat the little children: relate unto us at full the order, the number and the ſtrength of the Army: to which the priſoner anſwered, Sir, know for a truth that in the army there are three hundred giants, all armed with armour of proof, and wonderful great: nevertheleſſe, not fully ſo great as you, except one that is their head, named *Loup-garou*, who is armed from head to foot with *Cyclopical* annuils; furthermore, one hundred threeſcore and three thouſand foot, all armed with the skins of hobgoblins, ſtrong and valiant men: eleven thouſand foure hundred men at armes or cuiraſiers: three thouſand ſix hundred double canons, and harquebuſiers without number; foureſcore and foure-

fourteen thouſand Pioneers: one hundred and fifty thouſand whores, faire like goddeſſes, (that is, for me ſaid *Panurge*,) whereof ſome are *Amazons*, ſome *Lionnoiſes*, others *Pariſiennes*, *Taurangelles*, *Angevines*, *Poictevines*, *Normandes*, and high *dutch*, there are of them of all Countreys, and all Languages,

Yea, but (ſaid *Pantagruel*) is the King there? Yes Sir, (ſaid the priſoner) he is there in perſon, and we call him *Anarchus*, King of the *Dipſodes*, which is as much to ſay as thirſty people, for you never ſaw men more thirſty, nor more willing to drink, and his tent is guarded by the Giants: It is enough (ſaid *Pantagruel*) come brave boyes, are you reſolved to go with me? To which *Panurge* anſwered, God confound him that leaves you: I have already bethought my ſelf how I will kill them all like pigs, and ſo, that the devil one leg of them ſhall eſcape: but I am ſomewhat troubled about one thing: And what is that? ſaid *Pantagruel*: It is (ſaid *Panurge*) how I ſhall be able to ſet forward to the juſling and bragmardiſing of all the whores that be there this afternoon, in ſuch ſort, that there eſcape not one unbumped by me, breaſted and jum'd after the ordinary faſhion of man and woman, in the Venetian conflict. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ſaid *Pantagruel*.

And *Carpalin* ſaid; The devil take theſe ſink-

ſink-holes, if by G——— I do not bumbaſt ſome one of them: Then ſaid *Euſthenes*, What ſhall not I have any, whoſe paces ſince we came from *Rouen*, were never ſo well winded up, as that my needle could mount to ten or eleven a clock till now, that *I* have it hard, ſtiffe and ſtrong, like a hundred devils? Truly, (ſaid *Panurge*,) thou ſhalt have of the fatteſt, and of thoſe that are moſt plump, and in the beſt caſe.

How now? (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) every one ſhall ride, and *I* muſt lead the Aſſe, the devil take him that will do ſo, we will make uſe of the right of warre, *Qui poteſt capere, capiat*: No, no, ſaid *Panurge*, but tie thine Aſſe to a crook, and ride as the world doth: And the good *Pantagruel* laughed at all this, and ſaid nnto them, You reckon without your hoſt; I am much afraid, that before it be night I ſhall ſee you in ſuch taking, that you will have no great ſtomach to ride, but more like to be rode upon, with ſound blowes of pike and lance: *Baſte*, (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) enough of that, I will not faile to bring them to you, either to roſte or boile, to fry or put in paſte: they are not ſo many in number, as were in the army of *Xerxes*, for he had thirty hundred thouſand fighting men, if you will beleeve *Herodotus* and *Trogus Pompeius*; and yet *Themiſtocles* with a few men overthrew them all: for Gods ſake take you no

care

care for that. *Cobsminnie, Cobsminnie,* (ſaid *Panurge*) my Codpiece alone ſhall ſuffice to overthrow all the men; and my St. *Sweep-hole* that dwells within it, ſhall lay all the women ſquat upon their backs. Up then my lads (ſaid *Pantagruel*) and let us march along.

CHAP. XXVII.

How Pantagruel *ſet up one Trophee in memorial of their valour, and* Panurge *another in remembrance of the hares: How* Pantagruel *likewiſe with his farts begat little men, and with his fiſgs little women: and how* Panurge *broke a great ſtaffe over two glaſſes.*

BEfore we depart hence, (ſaid *Pantagruel*) in remembrance of the exploit that you have now performed, I will in this place erect a faire *Trophee*: then every man amongſt them with great joy, and fine little Countrey-ſongs ſet up a huge big poſt, whereunto they hanged a great cuiraſier ſaddle, the fronſtal of a barbed horſe, bridle-boſſes, pullie-pieces for the knees, ſtirrup-leathers, ſpurres, ſtirrups, a coat of male, a corſlet tempered with ſteel, a battel-axe, a ſtrong

ſtrong, ſhort and ſharp horſemans ſword, a gantlet, a horſemans mace, guſhet-armour for the arme-pits, leg-harneſſe, and a gorget, with all other furniture needful for the decorement of a triumphant arch, in ſigne of a *Trophee*. And then *Pantagruel* for an eternal memorial, wrote this victorial *Ditton*, as followeth.

Here was the proweſſe made apparent of
Foure brave and valiant champions of proof,
Who without any armes but wit, at once
(Like *Fabius*, or the two *Scipions*)
Burn't in a fire ſix hundred and threeſcore
Crablice, ſtrong rogues ne're vanquiſhed before.
By this each *King* may learn, *rock, pawn, and Knight*,
That ſlight is much more prevalent then might;
For victory
(As all men ſee)
Hangs on the Dittie
Of that Committie,
Where the great God
Hath his abode:

Nor doth he it to ſtrong and great men give,
But to his elect, as we muſt beleeve;
Therefore ſhall he obtain wealth and eſteem,
Who thorough faith doth put his truſt in him.

Whileſt

Whileſt *Pantagruel* was writing theſe foreſaid verſes, *Panurge* halved and fixed upon a great ſtake the hornes of a roe-buck, together with the skin, and the right forefoot thereof, the eares of three levrets, the chine of a coney, the jawes of a hare, the wings of two buſtards, the feet of foure queeſt-doves, a bottle or *borracho* full of vineger, a horne wherein to put ſalt, a wooden ſpit, a larding ſtick, a ſcurvie kettle full of holes, a dripping pan to make ſauce in, an earthen ſalt-cellar, and a goblet of *Beauvais*. Then in imitation of *Pantagruels* verſes and Trophee, wrote that which followeth:

Here was it that foure jovial blades ſate down
To a profound carowſing, and to crown
Their banquet with thoſe wines, which pleaſe beſt great
Bacchus, the Monarch of their drinking ſtate:
Then were the reines and furch of a young hare,
With ſalt and vineger, diſplayed there,
Of which to ſnatch a bit or two, at once
They all fell on like hungry ſcorpions:

For th' Inventories
Of Defenſories
Say that in heat
We muſt drink neat

All

All out, and of
The choiceſt ſtuffe;

But it is bad to eat of young hares fleſh,
Unleſſe with vineger we it refreſh:
Receive this tenet then without controll,
That vineger of that meat is the ſoul.

Then (ſaid *Pantagruel*,) Come, my lads, let us be gone, we have ſtayed here too long about our victuals; for very ſeldom doth it fall out, that the greateſt eaters do the moſt martial exploits, there is no *ſhadow* like that of flying colours, no *ſmoke* like that of horſes, no *clattering* like that of armour: at this *Epiſtemon* began to ſmile, and ſaid, There is no *ſhadow* like that of the kitchin, no *ſmoke* like that of paſties, and no *clattering* like that of goblets: unto which anſwered *Panurge*, There is no *ſhadow* like that of courtaines, no *ſmoke* like that of womens breaſts, and no *clattering* like that of ballocks: then forthwith riſing up he gave a fart, a leap, and a whiſtle, and moſt joyfully cried out aloud, Ever live *Pantagruel*: when *Pantagruel* ſaw that, he would have done as much; but with the fart that he let, the earth trembled nine leagues about, wherewith and with the corrupted aire, he begot above three and fifty thouſand little men, ill favoured dwarfes, and with one ſiſg that he let, he made as many

ny little women, crouching down, as you ſhall ſee in divers places, which never grow but like Cowes tailes downwards, or like the *Limoſin* radiſhes, round. How now (ſaid *Panurge*) are your farts ſo fertile and fruitful? by G-- here be brave farted men, and fisgued women, let them be married together, they will beget fine hornets and dorflies; ſo did *Pantagruel*, and called them Pygmies; thoſe he ſent to live in an iſland thereby, where ſince that time they are increaſed mightily: but the cranes make warre with them continually, againſt which they do moſt couragiouſly defend themſelves; for theſe little ends of men and dandiprats, (whom in *Scotland* they call whiphandles, and knots of a tarre-barrel) are commonly very teaſtie and cholerick: the Phyſical reaſon whereof is, becauſe their heart is near their ſpleen.

At this ſame time, *Panurge* took two drinking glaſſes that were there, both of one bigneſſe, and filled them with water up to the brim, and ſet one of them upon one ſtool, and the other upon another, placing them about five foot from one another: then he took the ſtaffe of a javelin, about five foot and a half long, and put it upon the two glaſſes, ſo that the two ends of the ſtaffe did come juſt to the brims of the glaſſes: This done, he took a great ſtake or billet of wood, and ſaid to *Pantagruel*, and to the reſt: *My Maſters*,

Maſters, behold, how eaſily we ſhall have the victory over our enemies; for juſt as I ſhall break this ſtaffe here upon theſe glaſſes, without either breaking or crazing of them. nay, which is more, without ſpilling one drop of the water that is within them, even ſo ſhall we break the heads of our *Dipſodes*, without receiving any of us any wound or loſſe in our perſon or goods: but that you may not think there is any *witchcraft* in this; hold (ſaid he to *Euſthenes*) ſtrike upon the midſt as hard as thou canſt with this log: *Euſthenes* did ſo, and the ſtaffe broke in two pieces, and not one drop of the water fell out of the glaſſes: Then ſaid he, I know a great many ſuch other tricks, let us now therefore march boldly, and with aſſurance.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How Pantagruel *got the victory very ſtrangely over the* Dipſodes, *and the Giants.*

AFter all this talk, *Pantagruel* took the priſoner to him, and ſent him away, ſaying, Go thou unto thy King in his Camp, and tell him tidings of what thou haſt ſeen, and let him reſolve to feaſt me to morrow about noon; for aſſoon as my galleys ſhall come,

which will be to morrow at furtheſt; I will prove unto him by eighteen hundred thouſand fighting men, and ſeven thouſand Giants, all of them greater then I am; that he hath done fooliſhly and againſt reaſon, thus to invade my countrey, wherein *Pantagruel* feigned that he had an army at ſea; but the Priſoner anſwered, that he would yield himſelf to be his ſlave, and that he was content never to return to his own people, but rather with *Pantagruel* to fight againſt them, and for Gods ſake beſought him, that he might be permitted ſo to do: whereunto *Pantagruel* would not give conſent, but commanded him to depart thence ſpeedily, and be gone, as he had told him, and to that effect gave him a box full of *Euphorbium*, together with ſome grains of the black *chameleon thiſtle*, ſteeped into *aqua vitæ*, and made up into the condiment of a wet ſucket, commanding him to carry it to his King, and to ſay unto him, that if he were able to eate one ounce of that without drinking after it, he might then be able to reſiſt him, without any feare or apprehenſion of danger.

The Priſoner then beſought him with joynt hands, that in the houre of the battel he would have compaſſion upon him: whereat *Pantagruel* ſaid unto him, After that thou haſt delivered all unto the King, put thy whole confidence in God,

and

and he will not forſake thee; becauſe, although for my part *I* be mighty, as thou mayeſt ſee, and have an infinite number of men in armes, I do nevertheleſſe truſt neither in my force nor in mine induſtry, but all my confidence is in God my Protectour, who doth never forſake thoſe that in him do put their truſt and confidence. This done, the Priſoner reqneſted him that he would afford him ſome reaſonable compoſition for his ranſome: to which *Pantagruel* anſwered, that his end was not to rob nor ranſom men, but to enrich them, and reduce them to total liberty; Go thy way (ſaid he) in the peace of the living God, and never follow evil company, leſt ſome miſchief befall thee. The Priſoner being gone, *Pantagruel* ſaid to his men, Gentlemen, I have made this Priſoner believe that we have an army at ſea, as alſo that we will not aſſault them till to morrow at noon, to the end, that they doubting of the great arrival of our men, may ſpend this night in providing and ſtrengthening themſelves, but in the mean time my intention is, that we charge them about the houre of the firſt ſleep.

Let us leave *Pantagruel* here with his Apoſtles, and ſpeak of King *Anarchus* and his army. When the Priſoner was come, he went unto the King, and told him how there was a great Giant come, called *Pantagruel*, who had overthrown, and made to be cruelly roaſted

all the ſix hundred and nine and fifty horſemen, and he alone eſcaped to bring the news: beſides that, he was charged by the ſaid Giant, to tell him, that the next day about noon he muſt make a dinner ready for him, for at that houre he was reſolved to ſet upon him: then did he give him that boxe wherein were thoſe confitures; but aſſoon as he had ſwallowed down one ſpoonful of them, he was taken with ſuch a heat in the throat, together with an ulceration in the flap of the top of the winde-pipe, that his tongue peel'd with it, in ſuch ſort that for all they could do unto him, he found no eaſe at all, but by drinking only without ceſſation, for aſſoon as ever he took the goblet from his head, his tongue was on a fire, and therefore they did nothing but ſtill poure in wine into his throat with a funnel, which when his Captains, *Baſhawes*, and guard of his body did ſee, they taſted of the ſame drugs, to try whether they were ſo thirſt-procuring and alterative or no: but it ſo befell them as it had done their King, and they plied the flaggon ſo well, that the noiſe ran throughout all the Camp, how the Priſoner was returned, that the next day they were to have an aſſault, that the King and his Captains did already prepare themſelves for it, together with his guards, and that wiah carowſing luſtily, and quaffing as hard as they could, every man therefore in the army began

began to tipple, ply the pot, ſwill and guzzle it as faſt as they could. In ſumme, they drunk ſo much, and ſo long, that they fell aſleep like pigs, all out of order throughout the whole Camp.

Let us now return to the good *Pantagruel*, and relate how he carried himſelf in this buſineſſe, departing from the place of the *Trophies*: he took the maſt of their ſhip in his hand like a Pilgrims ſtaffe, and put within the top of it two hundred and ſeven and thirty poinſons of white wine of *Anjou*, the reſt was of *Rowen*, and tied up to his girdle the bark all full of ſalt, as eaſily as the *Lanskennets* carry their little panniers, and to ſet onward on his way with his fellow-ſouldiers. When he was come near to the enemies Camp, *Panurge* ſaid unto him, *Sir*, if you would do well, let down this white wine of *Anjou*, from the ſcuttle of the maſt of the ſhip, that we may all drink thereof, like *Britains*.

Hereunto *Pantagruel* very willingly conſented, and they drank ſo neat, that there was not ſo much as one poor drop left, of two hundred and ſeven and thirty punchons, except one *Boracho* or leathern bottle of *Tours*, which *Panurge* filled for himſelf, (for he called that his *vade mecum*,) and ſome ſcurvie lees of wine in the bottom, which ſerved him in ſtead of vineger. After they had whitled

and curried the canne pretty handſomely; *Panurge* gave *Pantagruel* to eate ſome devilliſh drugs, compounded of *Lithotripton*, (which is a ſtone-diſſolving ingredient,) *nephrocatarticon*, (that purgeth the reines) the marmalade of Quinces, (called *Codiniac*) a confection of *Cantharides*, (which are green flies breeding on the tops of olive-trees) and other kindes of *diuretick* or piſſe-procuring ſimples. This done, *Pantagruel* ſaid to *Carpalin*, Go into the City, ſcrambling like a cat up againſt the wall, as you can well do, and tell them that now preſently they come out, and charge their enemies as rudely as they can, and having ſaid ſo, come down taking a lighted torch with you, wherewith you ſhall ſet on fire all the tents and pavillions in the Camp, then cry as loud as you are able with your great voice, and then come away from thence. Yea but, ſaid *Carpalin*, were it not good to cloy all their ordnance? No, no, (ſaid *Pantagruel*) only blow up all their powder. *Carpalin* obeying him, departed ſuddenly, and did as he was appointed by *Pantagruel*, and all the Combatants came forth that were in the City, and when he had ſet fire in the tents and pavillions, he paſt ſo lightly through them, and ſo highly and profoundly did they ſnort and ſleep, that they never perceived him. He came to the place where their Artillery was, and ſet their munition

nition on fire: but here was the danger, the fire was ſo ſudden, that poor *Carpalin* had almoſt been burnt; and had it not been for his wonderful agility, he had been fried like a roaſting pig: but he departed away ſo ſpeedily, that a bolt or arrow out of a Croſſebowe could not have had a ſwifter motion. When he was clear of their trenches, he ſhooted aloud, and cried out ſo dreadfully, and with ſuch amazement to the hearers, that it ſeemed all the devils of hell had been let looſe: at which noiſe the enemies awaked, but can you tell how? even no leſſe aſtoniſhed then are *Monks*, at the ringing of the firſt peale to *Matins*, which in *Luſonnois* is called *Rubbalock*.

In the mean time *Pantagruel* began to ſowe the ſalt that he had in his bark, and becauſe they ſlept with an open gaping mouth, he filled all their throats with it; ſo that thoſe poor wretches were by it made to cough like foxes. Ha, *Pantagruel*, how thou addeſt greater heat to the firebrand that is in us. Suddenly *Pantagruel* had will to piſſe, by meanes of the drugs which *Panurge* had given him, and piſt amidſt the Camp ſo well and ſo copiouſly, that he drowned them all, and there was a particular deluge, ten leagues round about, of ſuch conſiderable depth, that the hiſtory ſaith, if his fathers great mare had been there, and piſt likewiſe, it would undoubtedly have

been a more enormous deluge then that of *Deucalion*; for ſhe did never piſſe, but ſhe made a river, greater then is either the *Rhoſne*, or the *Danow*, which thoſe that were come out of the City ſeeing, ſaid, They are all cruelly ſlain, ſee how the blood runs along: but they were deceived in thinking *Pantagruels* urine had been the blood of their enemies; for they could not ſee but by the light of the fire of the pavillions, and ſome ſmall light of the Moon.

The enemies after that they were awaked, ſeeing on one ſide the fire in the Camp, and on the other the inundation of the urinal deluge, could not tell what to ſay, nor what to think; ſome ſaid, that it was the end of the world, and the final judgement, which ought to be by fire: Others again thought that the ſea-gods, *Neptune*, *Protheus*, *Triton*, and the reſt of them did perſecute them, for that indeed they found it to be like ſea-water and ſalt.

O who were able now condignely to relate, how *Pantagruel* did demean himſelf againſt the three hundred Giants; O my Muſe, my *Calliope*, my *Thalia*, inſpire me at this time, reſtore unto me my ſpirits; for this is the *Logical* bridge of aſſes: here is the pitfall, here is the difficultie, to have ability enough to expreſſe the horrible battel that was fought; Ah, would to God that I had now

a bottle of the beſt wine that ever thoſe drank, who ſhall read this ſo veridical hiſtory.

CHAP. XXIX.

How Pantagruel *diſcomfited the three hundred Giants armed with free ſtone, and* Loupgarou *their Captain.*

THe Giants ſeeing all their Camp drowned, carried away their King *Anarchus* upon their backs, as well as they could out of the Fort, as *Æneas* did to his father *Anchiſes*, in the time of the conflagration of *Troy*. When *Panurge* perceived them, he ſaid to *Pantagruel*, Sir, yonder are the Giants coming forth againſt you, lay on them with your maſt gallantly like an old Fencer; for now is the time that you muſt ſhew your ſelf a brave man and an honeſt. And for our part we will not faile you: I my ſelf willl kill to you a good many boldly enough; for why, *David* killed *Goliah* very eaſily; and then, this great Lecher *Euſthenes*, who is ſtronger then foure oxen, will not ſpare himſelf. Be of good courage therefore, and valiant, charge amongſt them with point and edge, and by all manner of meanes. Well,

(ſaid

(ſaid *Pantagruel*,) of courage *I* have more then for fifty francks, but let us be wiſe, for *Hercules* firſt never undertook againſt two; that is well cack'd, well ſcummered, (ſaid *Panurge*) do you compare your ſelf with *Hercules?* You have by G-- more ſtrength in your teeth, and more ſent in your bum, then ever *Hercules* had in all his body and ſoule: ſo much is a man worth as he eſteems himſelf. Whileſt they ſpake thoſe words behold, *Lougarou* was come with all his Giants, who ſeeing *Pantagruel* in a manner alone, was carried away with temerity and preſumption, for hopes that he had to kill the good man; whereupon he ſaid to his companions the Giants, You Wenchers of the low countrey, by *Mahoom*, if any of you undertake to fight againſt theſe men here, I will put you cruelly to death: it is my will that you let me fight ſingle, in the mean time you ſhall have good ſport to look upon us: then all the other Giants retired with their King, to the place where the flaggons ſtood, and *Panurge* and his *Camerades* with them, who counterfeited thoſe that have had the pox, for he wreathed about his mouth, ſhrunk up his fingers, and with a harſh and hoarſe voice ſaid unto them, I forſake --od (fellow ſouldiers) if I would have it to be beleeved, that we make any warre at all; Give us ſomewhat to eat with you, whileſt our Maſters fight againſt one another; to this the

King

King and Giants joyntly condeſcended, and accordingly made them to banquet with them. In the mean time *Panurge* told them the follies of *Turpin*, the examples of St. *Nicholas*, and the tale of a tub. *Loupgarou* then ſet forward towards *Pantagruel*, with a mace all of ſteel, and that of the beſt ſort, weighing nine thouſand ſeven hundred kintals, and two quarterons, at the end whereof were thirteen pointed diamonds, the leaſt whereof was as big as the greateſt bell of our *Ladies* Church at *Paris*, (there might want perhaps the thickneſſe of a naile, or (at moſt that *I* may not lie) of the back of thoſe knives which they call cut-lugs or eare-cutters, but for a little off or on, more or leſſe, it is no matter) and it was inchanted in ſuch ſort, that it could never break, but contrarily all that it did touch, did break immediately. Thus then as he approached with great fierceneſſe and pride of heart: *Pantagruel*, caſting up his eyes to heaven, recommended himſelf to God with all his ſoule, making ſuch a Vow as followeth.

O thou Lord God, who haſt alwayes been my Protector, and my Saviour, thou ſeeſt the diſtreſſe wherein I am at this time: nothing brings me hither but a natural zeale, which thou haſt permitted unto mortals, to keep and defend themſelves, their wives and children, countrey and family, in caſe thy own

own proper cauſe were not in queſtion, which is the faith; for in ſuch a buſineſſe thou wilt have no Coadjutors, only a Catholick Confeſſion and ſervice of thy Word, and haſt forbidden us all arming and defence; for thou art the Almighty, who in thine owne cauſe, and where thine own buſineſſe is taken to heart, canſt defend it far beyond all that we can conceive, thou who haſt thouſand thouſands of hundreds of millions of legigions of Angels, the leaſt of which is able to kill all mortal men, and turn about the Heavens and earth at his pleaſure, as heretofore it very plainly appeared in the army of *Sennacherib*, if it may pleaſe thee therefore at this time to aſſiſt me, as my whole truſt and confidence is in thee alone: *I* vow unto thee, that in all Countreys whatſoever, wherein *I* ſhall have any power or authority, whether in this of *Utopia*, or elſewhere, *I* will cauſe thy holy Goſpel to be purely, ſimply and entirely preached, ſo that the abuſes of a rabble of hypocrites and falſe prophets, who by humane conſtitutions, and depraved inventions, have impoiſoned all the world, ſhall be qũite exterminated from about me. This Vow was no ſooner made, but there w s heard a voice from heaven, ſaying, *Hoc fac, & vinces:* that is to ſay, *Do this, and thou ſhalt overcome.*

Then *Pantagruel*, ſeeing that *Loupgarou* with

with his mouth wide open was drawing near to him, went againſt him boldly, and cried out as loud as he was able, Thou dieſt, villain, thou dieſt, purpoſing by his horrible cry to make him afraid, according to the diſcipline of the *Lacedemonians*. Withal, he immediately caſt at him out of his bark which he wore at his girdle, eighteen cags, and foure buſhels of ſalt, wherewith he filled both his mouth, throat, noſe and eyes: at this *Loupgaron* was ſo highly incenſed, that moſt fiercely ſetting upon him, he thought even then with a blow of his mace to have beat out his braines: but *Pantagruel* was very nimble, and had alwayes a quick foot, and a quick eye, and therefore with his left foot did he ſtep back one pace, yet not ſo nimbly, but that the blow falling upon the bark, broke it in foure thouſand, foureſcore and ſix pieces, and threw all the reſt of the ſalt about the ground: *Pantagruel* ſeeing that, moſt gallantly diſplayed the vigour of his armes, and according to the Art of the axe, gave him with the great end of his maſt a homethruſt a little above the breaſt: then bringing along the blow to the left ſide, with a ſlaſh ſtruck him between the neck and ſhoulders: After that, advancing his right foot, he gave him a puſh upon the couillons, with the upper end of his ſaid maſt, wherewith breaking the ſcuttle, on the top thereof he ſpilt three or foure

foure punchons of wine that were left therein.

Upon that *Loupgarou* thought that he had pierced his bladder, and that the wine that came forth had been his urine: *Pantagruel* being not content with this, would have doubled it by a ſide-blow; but *Loupgarou* lifting up his mace, advanced one ſtep upon him, and with all his force would have daſh't it upon P*antagruel*, wherein (to ſpeak the truth) he ſo ſprightfully carried himſelf, that if God had not ſuccoured the good *Pantagruel*, he had been cloven from the top of his head to the bottom of his milt, but the blow glanced to the right ſide, by the brisk nimbleneſſe of P*antagruel*, and his mace ſank into the ground above threeſcore and thirteen foot, through a huge rock, out of which the fire did iſſue greater then nine thouſand and ſix tuns. *Pantagruel* ſeeing him buſie about plucking out his mace, which ſtuck in the ground between the rocks, ran upon him, and would have clean cut off his head, if by miſchance his maſt had not touched a little againſt the ſtock of *Loupgarous* mace, which was inchanted, as we have ſaid before: by this meanes his maſt broke off about three handfuls above his hand, whereat he ſtood amazed like a Bell-Founder, and cried out, Ah *Panurge*, where art thou? *Panurge* ſeeing that, ſaid to the King and the Giants,

Giants, By G--they will hurt one another, if they be not parted; but the Giants were as merry as if they had been at a wedding: then *Carpalin* would have risen from thence to help his Master; but one of the Giants said unto him, By *Golfarin* the Nephew of *Mahoon*, if thou stir hence I will put thee in the bottom of my breeches, in stead of a Suppository, which cannot chuse but do me good; for in my belly I am very costive, and cannot well *cagar*, without gnashing my teeth, and making many filthy faces. Then *Pantagruel*, thus destitute of a staffe, took up the end of his mast, striking athwart and alongst upon the Giant, but he did him no more hurt then you would do with a filip upon a Smiths Anvil. In the time *Loupgarou* was drawing his mace out of the ground, and having already plucked it out, was ready therewith to have struck *Pantagruel*, who being very quick in turning, avoided all his blowes, in taking only the defensive part in hand, until on a sudden he saw that *Loupgarou* did threaten him with these words, saying, Now, villain, will not I faile to chop thee as small as minced meat, and keep thee henceforth from ever making any more poor men athirst; for then without any more ado, *Pantagruel* struck him such a blow with his foot against the belly, that he made him fall backwards, his heels over his head, and dragged him thus along at

fla-

flay-buttock above a flight-ſhot. Then *Loupgarou* cried out, bleeding at the throat, *Mahoon*, *Mahoon*, *Mahoon*, at which noiſe all the Giants aroſe to ſuccour him: but *Panurge* ſaid unto them, Gentlemen, do not go, if you will beleeve me, for our Maſter is mad, and ſtrikes athwart and alongſt, he cares not where, he will do you a miſchief; but the Giants made no account of it, ſeeing that *Pantagruel* had never a ſtaffe.

And when *Pantagruel* ſaw thoſe Giants approach very near unto him, he took *Loupgarou* by the two feet, and lift up his body like a pike in the aire, wherewith (it being harniſhed with Anvils) he laid ſuch heavy load amongſt thoſe Giants, armed with free ſtone, that ſtriking them down as a Maſon doth little knobs of ſtones, there was not one of them that ſtood before him, whom he threw not flat to the ground, and by the breaking of this ſtony armour there was made ſuch a horrible rumble, as put me in minde of the fall of the butter-tower of St. *Stephens* at *Bourge*, when it melted before the Sunne. *Panurge*, with *Carpalin* and *Euſthenes*, did cut in the mean time the throats of thoſe that were ſtruck down; in ſuch ſort that there eſcaped not one. *Pantagruel* to any mans ſight was like a Mower, who with his ſithe (which was *Loupgarou*,) cut down the meddow graſſe (to wit the Giants,) but with this fencing of *Pan-*

tagruels

tagruels, *Loupgarou* loſt his head, which happened when *Pantagruel* ſtruck down one whoſe name was *Riſtandouille* or pudding-plunderer, who was armed *cap-a-pe* with griſon ſtones, one chip whereof ſplintring abroad cut off *Epiſtemons* neck clean and faire: for otherwiſe the moſt part of them were but lightly armed with a kinde of ſandie brittle ſtone, and the reſt with ſlaits: at laſt when he ſaw that they were all dead, he threw the body of *Loupgarou*, as hard as he could againſt the City, where falling like a frog upon his belly, in the great *piazza* thereof, he with the ſaid fall killed a ſinged he-cat, a wet ſhe-cat, a farting duck, and a brideled gooſe.

CHAP. XXX.

How Epiſtemon, *who had his head cut off, was finely healed by* Panurge, *and of the newes which he brought from the devils, and the damned people in hell.*

THis Gigantal victory being ended, *Pantagruel* withdrew himſelf to the place of the flaggons, and called for *Panurge* and the reſt, who came unto him ſafe and ſound, except *Euſthenes*, (whom one of the Giants had ſcratched a little in the face,

whileſt he about the cutting of his throat,and *Epiſtemon*, who appeared not at all: whereat *Pantagruel* was ſo aggrieved that he would have killed himſelf; but *Panurge* ſaid unto him, Nay,Sir,ſtay a while, and we will ſearch for him amongſt the dead, and finde out the truth of all: thus as they went ſeeking after him, they found him ſtark dead, with his head between his armes all bloody. Then *Euſthenes* cried out, Ah cruel death! haſt thou taken from me the perfecteſt amongſt men? At which words *Pantagruel* roſe up with the greateſt grief that ever any man did ſee, and ſaid to *Panurge*, Ha, my friend, the prophecy of your two glaſſes, and the javelin ſtaffe was a great deal too deceitful, but *Panurge* anſwered, My dear bullies all, weep not one drop more, for he being yet all hot, *I* will make him as ſound as ever he was; in ſaying this, he took the head, and held it warme fore-gainſt his Codpiece, that the winde might not enter into it, *Euſthenes* and *Carpalin* carried the body to the place where they had banqueted, not out of any hope that ever he would recover, but that *Pantagruel* might ſee it.

Nevertheleſſe *Panurge* gave him very good comfort, ſaying, If I do not heale him, I will be content to loſe my head (which is a fooles wager,) leave off therefore crying and help me. Then cleanſed he his neck very well with

with pure white wine, and after that, took his head, and into it *ſynapiſed* ſome powder of *diamerdis*, which he alwayes carried about him in one of his bags. Afterwards, he anointed it with I know not what ointment, and ſet it on very juſt, veine againſt veine, ſinew againſt ſinew, and ſpondyle againſt ſpondyle, that he might not be wry-necked, (for ſuch people he mortally hated,) this done, he gave it round about ſome fifteen or ſixteen ſtitches with a needle, that it might not fall off again, then on all ſides, and every where he put a little ointment on it, which he called *reſuſcitative*.

Suddenly *Epiſtemon* began to breath, then opened his eyes, yawned, ſneezed, and afterwards let a great houſhold fart; whereupon *Panurge* ſaid, Now certainly he is healed, and therefore gave him to drink a large full glaſſe of ſtrong white wine, with a ſugred toaſt. In this faſhion was *Epiſtemon* finely healed, only that he was ſomewhat hoarſe for above three weeks together, and had a dry cough of which he could not be rid, but by the force of continual drinking: and now he began to ſpeak, and ſaid that he had ſeen the divel, had ſpoken with *Lucifer* familiarly, and had been very merry in hell, and in the *Elyſian* fields, affirming very ſeriouſly before them all, that the devils were boone companions, and merry fellowes: but in re-

ſpect of the damned, he ſaid he was very ſorry that *Panurge* had ſo ſoon called him back into this world again; for (ſaid he) I took wonderful delight to ſee them: How ſo? ſaid *Pantagruel:* becauſe they do not uſe them there (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) ſo badly as you think they do: their eſtate and condition of living is but only changed after a very ſtrange manner; for I ſaw *Alexander* the great there, amending and patching on clowts upon old breeches and ſtockins, whereby he got but a very poor living.

Xerxes was a Cryer of muſtard.

Romulus, a Salter and patcher of patines.

Numa, a nailſmith.

Tarquin, a Porter.

Piſo, a clowniſh ſwaine

Sylla, a Ferrie-man.

Cyrus, a Cowheard.

Themiſtocles, a glaſſe-maker.

Epaminondas, a maker of Mirrours or Looking-glaſſes.

Brutus and *Caſſius*, Surveyors or Meaſurers of land.

Demoſthenes, a Vine-dreſſer.

Cicero, a fire-kindler

Fabius, a threader of beads.

Artaxerxes, a rope-maker.

Æneas, a Miller.

Achilles was a ſcauld-pated maker of hay-bundles.

Agamemnon, a lick-box.

Ulysses, a hay-mower.

Nestor, a Deer-keeper or Forrester.

Darius, a Gold-finder, or Jakes-farmer.

Ancus Martius, a ship-trimmer.

Camillus, a foot-post.

Marcellus, a sheller of beans.

Drusus, a taker of money at the doors of play-houses.

Scipio Africanus, a Crier of Lee in a wooden slipper.

Asdrubal, a Lanterne-maker.

Hannibal, a Kettlemaker and seller of eggeshels.

Priamus, a seller of old clouts.

Lancelot of the lake, was a flayer of dead horses.

All the Knights of the round Table were poore day-labourers, employed to rowe over the rivers of *Cocytus*, *Phlegeton*, *Styx*, *Acheron* and *Lethe*, when my lords, the devils had a minde to recreate themselves upon the water, as in the like occasion are hired the boatmen at *Lions*, the *gondeleers* of *Venice*, and oares at *London*; but with this difference, that these poor Knights have only for their fare a bob or flirt on the nose, and in the evening a morsel of course mouldie bread.

Trajan was a Fisher of frogs.

Antoninus, a Lackey.

Commodus, a Jeat-maker,

Pertinax, a peeler of wall-nuts.

Lucullus, a maker of rattles and Hawks bells.

Iustinian, a Pedlar.

Hector, a Snap-sauce Scullion.

Paris was a poore beggar.

Cambyses, a Mule-driver.

Nero, a base blinde fidler, or player on that instrument which is called a windbroach: *Ficrabras* was his serving-man, who did him a thousand mischievous tricks, and would make him eat of the brown bread, and drink of the turned wine, when himself did both eate and drink of the best.

Julius Cæsar and *Pompey* were boat-wrights and tighters of ships.

Valentine and *Orson* did serve in the stoves of hell, and were sweat-rubbers in hot houses.

Giglan and *Govian* were poor Swine-herds.

Tafrey with the great tooth, was a tinder-maker and seller of matches.

Godfrey de bullion, a Hood-maker.

Jason, was a Bracelet-maker.

Don Pietro de Castille, a Carrier of Indulgences.

Morgan, a beer-Brewer.

Huon of *Bourdeaux*, a Hooper of barrels.

Pyrrhus, a Kitchin-Scullion.

Antiochus, a Chimney-sweeper.

Octavian,

Octavian, a Scraper of parchment.

Nerva, a Mariner.

Pope *Julius* was a Crier of pudding pyes, but he left off wearing there his great buggerly beard.

John of *Paris*, was a greaſer of boots.

Arthur of *Britain*, an ungreaſer of caps.

Pierce Forreſt, a Carrier of fagots.

Pope *Boniface* the eighth, a Scummer Popes.

Pope *Nicholas* the third, a Maker of paper.

Pope *Alexander*, a rat-catcher.

Pope *Sixtus*, an Anointer of thoſe that have the pox.

What, (ſaid *Pantagruel*) have they the pox there too? Surely (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) *I* never ſaw ſo many; there are there *I* think above a hundred millions; for beleeve, that thoſe who have not had the pox in this world, muſt have it in the other.

Cotsbody (ſaid *Panurge*) then I am free; for *I* have been as farre as the hole of *Gibraltar*, reached unto the outmoſt bounds of *Hermes*, and gathered of the ripeſt.

Ogier the *Dane* was a Furbiſher of armour.

The King *Tigranes*, a mender of thatched houſes.

Galien Reſtored, a taker of Moldwarps.

The foure ſons of *Aymon*, were all tooth-drawers.

Pope *Calixtus*, was the barber of a womans *ſineq uo non*.

Pope *Urban*, a bacon-pecker.
Meluſina, was a Kitchin drudge-wench.
Mattabrune, a Laundreſſe.
Cleopatra, a Crier of onions.
Helene, a broker for Chamber-maids.
Semiramis, the Beggars lice-killer.
Dido did ſell muſhroms.
Pentaſilea ſold creſſes.
Lucretia was an Ale-houſe keeper.
Hortenſia, a Spinſtreſſe.
Livia, a grater of verdigreece.

After this manner, thoſe that had been great Lords and Ladies here, got but a poor ſcurvie wretched living there below. And on the contrary, the Philoſophers and others, who in this world had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great Lords there in their turne. *I* ſaw *Diogenes* there ſtrout it out moſt pompouſly, and in great magnificence, with a rich purple gown on him, and a golden Scepter in his right hand. And which is more, he would now and then make *Alexander* the great mad, ſo enormouſly would he abuſe him, when he had not well patched his breeches; for he uſed to pay his skin with ſound baſtinadoes; *I* ſaw *Epictetus* there moſt gallantly apparelled after the *French* faſhion, ſitting under a pleaſant Arbour, with ſtore of handſom Gentlewomen, frolicking, drinking, dancing, and making good cheare, with abundance of Crowns of the Sunne.

Above

Above the lattice were written theſe verſes for his device.

To leap and dance, to ſport and play,
And drink good wine both white and brown:
Or nothing elſe do all the day,
But tell bags full of many' a Crown.

When he ſaw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteouſly, and *I* being willing to be intreated, we tipled and chopined together moſt theologically. In the mean time came *Cyrus* to beg one farthing of him for the honour of *Mercurie*, therewith to buy a few onions for his ſupper? No, no, ſaid *Epictetus*, I do not uſe in my almes-giving to beſtow farthings, hold thou Varlet, there's a crown for thee, be an honeſt man: *Cyrus* was exceeding glad to have met with ſuch a bootie; but the other poor rogues, the Kings that are there below, as *Alexander*, *Darius*, and others ſtole it away from him by night. I ſaw *Pathelin* the Treaſurer of *Rhadamantus*, who in cheapening the pudding-pyes that Pope *Julius* cried, asked him, How much a dozen? Three blanks (ſaid the Pope:) Nay (ſaid *Pathelin*) three blowes with a cudgel, lay them down here you raſcal, and go fetch more: the poor Pope went away weeping, who when he came to his Maſter the Pye-maker, told him that they had taken away his pud-

pudding-pyes; whereupon his Maſter gave him ſuch a ſound laſh with an eele-skin, that his own would have been worth nothing to make bag-pipe-bags of. *I* ſaw Maſter *John le maire*, there perſonate the Pope in ſuch faſhion, that he made all the poor Kings and Popes of this world kiſſe his feet, and taking great ſtate upon him, gave them his benediction, ſaying, Get the pardons, rogues, get the pardons, they are good cheap: I abſolve you of bread and pottage, and diſpenſe with you to be never good for any thing: then calling *Caillet* and *Triboulet*, to him, he ſpoke theſe words, My Lords the Cardinals diſpatch their bulls, to wit, to each of them a blow with a Cudgel upon the reines, which accordingly was forthwith performed.

I heard Maſter *Francus Villon* ask *Xerxes*, How much the meſſe of muſtard? A farthing, ſaid *Xerxes*: to which the ſaid *Villon* anſwered, The pox take thee for a villain: as much of ſquire-ear'd wheat is not worth half that price, and now thou offereſt to inhance the price of victuals: with this he piſt in his pot as the muſtard-makers of *Paris* uſe to do. I ſaw the trained bowe-man of the bathing tub, (known by the name of the *Francarcher de baignolet*) who being one of the truſtees of the Inquſition, when he ſaw *Pierce Forreſt* making water againſt a wall, in which was painted the fire of St. *Antonie*, declared him here-

heretick, and would have cauſed him to be burnt alive, had it not been for *Morgant*, who for his *Proficiat* and other ſmall fees gave him nine tuns of beer. Well (ſaid *Pantagruel*,) reſerve all theſe faire ſtories for another time, only tell us how the Uſurers are there handled: I ſaw them (ſaid *Epiſtemon*) all very buſily employed in ſeeking of ruſtie pins, and old nailes in the kennels of the ſtreets, as you ſee poor wretched rogues do in this world; but the *quintal* or hundred weight of this old iron ware, is there valued but at the price of a cantle of bread, and yet they have but a very bad diſpatch and riddance in the ſale of it: thus the poor Miſers are ſometimes three whole weeks, without eating one morſel or crumb of bread, and yet work both day and night looking for the faire to come: nevertheleſſe, of all this labour, toile and miſery they reckon nothing, ſo curſedly active they are in the proſecution of that their baſe calling, in hopes at the end of the yeare, to earne ſome ſcurvie penny by it.

Come, (ſaid *Pantagruel*) let us now make our ſelves merry one bout, and drink (my Lads) I beſeech you, for it is very good drinking all this moneth: then did they uncaſe their flaggons by heaps and dozens, and with their leaguer-proviſion made excellent good chear: but the poor King *Anarchus* could

could not all this while settle himselfe towards any fit of mirth; whereupon *Panurge* said, Of what trade shall we make my Lord the King here, that he may be skilful in the Art, when he goes thither to sojourn, amongst all the devils of hell? Indeed (said *Pantagruel*) that was well advised of thee, do with him what thou wilt: I give him to thee: Grammercie (said *Panurge*) the present is not to be refused, and I love it from you.

CHAP. XXXI.

How Pantagruel *entered into the City of the* Amaurots, *and how* Panurge *married King* Anarchus *to an old Lantern-carrying Hag, and made him a Cryer of green sauce.*

After this wonderful victory, *Pantagruel* sent *Carpalin* unto the City of the *Amaurots*, to declare and signifie unto them how the King *Anarchus* was taken prisoner, and all the enemies of the City overthrown, which news when they heard, all the inhabitants of the City came forth to meet him in good order, and with a great triumphant pomp, conducting him with a heavenly joy

into

into the City, where innnumerable bone-fires were set on, thorough all the parts thereof, and faire round tables which were furnished with store of good victuals, set out in the middle of the streets; this was a renewing of the golden age in the time of *Saturn*, so good was the cheere which then they made.

But *Pantagruel* having assembled the whole Senate, and Common Councel-men of the town, said (My Masters) we must now strike the iron whilest it is hot; it is therefore my will, that before we frolick it any longer, we advise how to assault and take the whole Kingdom of the *Dipsodes*: to which effect let those that will go with me provide themselves against to morrow after drinking; for then will I begin to march, not that *I* need any more men then I have to help me to conquer it; for I could make it as sure that way as if *I* had it already, but *I* see this City is so full of inhabitants, that they scarce can turn in the streets; *I* will therefore carry them as a Colonie into *Dipsodie*, and will give them all that Countrey, which is fair, wealthie, fruitful and pleasant, above all other Countreys in the world as many of you can tell who have been there heretofore · every one of you therefore that will go along, let him provide himself as *I* have said. This counsel and resolution being published in the City, the next morning there

there assembled in the *piaZZa*, before the Palace, to the number of eighteen hundred fifty six thousand and eleven, besides women and little children: thus began they to march straight into *Dipsodie*, in such good order as did the people of *Israel* when they departed out of *Egypt*, to passe over the red-sea.

But before we proceed any further in this purpose, I will tell you how *Panurge* handled his prisoner the King *Anarchus*: for having remembred that which *Epistemon* had related, how the Kings and rich men, in this world were used in the *Elysian* fields, and how they got their living there by base and ignoble trades; he therefore one day apparelled his King in a pretty little canvass doublet, all jagged and pinked like the tippet of a light horsemans cap, togethet with a paire of large Mariners breeches, and stockins without shoes; For (said he) they would but spoile his sight; and a little peach-coloured bonnet, with a great capons feather in it: I lie, for *I* think he had two: and a very handsome girdle of a sky-colour and green, (in *French* called *pers & vert*) saying, that such a livery did become him well, for that he had alwayes been *perverse*: and in this plight bringing him before *Pantagruel*, said unto him, Do you know this royster? No indeed, said *Pantagruel*: It is (said *Panurge*) my Lord, the King of the three batches, or thread-bare

ſovereign: *I* intend to make him an honeſt man. Theſe devilliſh Kings which we have here are but as ſo many calves, they know nothing, and are good for nothing, but to do a thouſand miſchiefs to their poor ſubjects, and to trouble all the world with warre for their unjuſt and deteſtable pleaſure: I will put him to a trade, and make him a Crier of green ſauce: Go to, begin and cry, *Do you lack any green ſauce?* and the poor devil cried: That is too low (ſaid *Panurge*,) then took him by the eare, ſaying, Sing higher in *Geſolreut*: So, ſo, (poor devil) thou haſt a good throat: thou wert never ſo happy as to be no longer King: and *Pantagruel* made himſelf merry with all this; for I dare boldly ſay, that he was the beſt little gafer that was to be ſeen between this and the end of a ſtaffe. Thus was *Anarchus* made a good Crier of green ſauce, two dayes thereafter *Panurge* married him with an old Lanterne-carrying Hag, and he himſelfe made the wedding with fine ſheeps-heads, brave haſlets with muſtard, gallant ſalligots with garlick, of which he ſent five horſe-loads unto *Pantagruel*, which he ate up all, he found them ſo appetizing: and for their drink, they had a kinde of ſmall well-watered wine, and ſome ſorbapple-cider: and to make them dance he hired a blinde man, that made muſick to them with a windbroach.

After

After dinner he led them to the Palace and ſhewed them to *Pantagruel*, and ſaid pointing to the married woman, You need not feare that ſhe will *crack*: Why? ſaid *Pantagruel*: Becauſe, ſaid *Panurge*, ſhe is well ſlit and broke up already; What do you mean by that? ſaid *Pantagruel*: Do not you ſee? ſaid *Panurge*, that the cheſtnuts which are roaſted in the fire, if they be whole, they *crack* as if they were mad; and to keep them from *cracking*, they make an inciſion in them, and ſlit them; ſo this new Bride is in her lower parts well ſlit before, and therefore will not crack behinde.

Pantagruel gave them a little lodge near the lower ſtreet, and a mortar of ſtone wherein to bray and pound their ſauce, and in this manner did they do their little buſineſſe, he being as pretty a Crier of green ſauce, as ever was ſeene in the Countrey of *Utopia*: but *I* have been told ſince that his wife doth beat him like plaiſter, and the poor ſot dare not defend himſelf, he is ſo ſimple.

CHAP. XXXII.

How Pantagruel *with his tongue covered a whole Army, and what the Author ſaw in his mouth.*

THus as *Pantagruel* with all his Army had entered into the Countrey of the *Dipſodes*, every one was glad of it, and incontinently rendred themſelves unto him, bringing him out of their own good wills the Keyes of all the Cities where he went, the *Almirods* only excepted, who being reſolved to hold out againſt him, made anſwer to his Heraulds that they would not yield but upon very honourable and good conditions.

What? (ſaid *Pantagruel*) do they ask any better termes, then the hand at the pot, and the glaſſe in their fiſt? Come let us go ſack them, and put them all to the ſword: then did they put themſelves in good order, as being fully determined to give an aſſault, but by the way paſſing through a large field, they were overtaken with a great ſhower of raine, whereat they began to ſhiver and tremble, to croud, preſſe and thruſt cloſe to one another. When *Pantagruel* ſaw that, he made their Captains tell them, that it was nothing,

and that he ſaw well above the clouds, that it would be nothing but a little dew; but howſoever, that they ſhould put themſelves in order, and he would cover them: then did they put themſelves in a cloſe order, and ſtood as near to other as they could: and *Pantagruel* drew out his tongue only half-wayes and covered them all, as a hen doth her chickens. *In* the mean time I, who relate to you theſe ſo veritable ſtories, hid my ſelf under a burdock-leafe, which was not much leſſe in largeneſſe then the arch of the bridge of *Montrible*; but when I ſaw them thus covered, I went towards them to ſhelter my ſelf likewiſe, which I could not do; for that they were ſo (as the ſaying is) *At the yards end there is no cloth left.* Then as well as *I* could, I got upon it, and went along full two leagues upon his tongue, and ſo long marched, that at laſt I came into his mouth: but oh gods and goddeſſes, what did I ſee there? *Jupiter* confound me with his triſulk lightning if I lie: I walked there as they do in *Sophie* and *Conſtantinople*, and ſaw there great rocks like the mountains in *Denmark*, I beleeve that thoſe were his teeth, *I* ſaw alſo faire meddows, large forreſts, great and ſtrong Cities, not a jot leſſe then *Lyons* or *Poictiers*, the firſt man *I* met with there, was a good honeſt fellow planting coleworts, whereat being very much amazed, *I* asked him, My friend,

friend, what doſt thou make here? I plant coleworts, ſaid he: But how, and wherewith ſaid I? Ha Sir, ſaid he, every one cannot have his ballocks as heavy as a mortar, neither can we be all rich: thus do *I* get my poor living, and carry them to the market to ſell in the City which is here behinde Jeſus! (ſaid *I*) is there here a new world? Sure (ſaid he) it is never a jot new, but it is commonly reported, that without this there is an earth, whereof the inhabitants enjoy the light of a Sunne and a Moone, and that it is full of, and repleniſhed with very good commodities; but yet this is more ancient then that: Yea, but (ſaid I) my friend, what is the name of that City, whither thou carrieſt thy Coleworts to ſell? It is called *Alpharage*, (ſaid he) and all the indwellers are Chriſtians, very honeſt men, and will make you good chear. To be brief, I reſolved to go thither. Now in my way, I met with a fellow that was lying in wait to catch pigeons, of whom *I* asked, (My friend) from whence come theſe pigeons? Sir, (ſaid he) they come from the other world: then I thought, that when *Pantagruel* yawned, the pigeons went into his mouth in whole flocks, thinking that it had been a pigeon-houſe.

Then I went into the City, which *I* found faire, very ſtrong, and ſeated in a good aire:

but at my entry the guard demanded of me my paſſe or ticket: whereat *I* was much aſtoniſhed, and asked them, (My Maſters) is there any danger of the plague here? O Lord, (ſaid they) they die hard by here ſo faſt, that the cart runs about the ſtreets; Good God! (ſaid *I*) and where? whereunto they anſwered that it was in *Larinx* and *Phærinx*, which are two great Cities, ſuch as *Rowen* and *Nants*, rich and of great trading: and the cauſe of the plague was by a ſtinking and infectious exhalation, which lately vapoured out of the abiſmes, whereof there have died above two and twenty hundred and threeſcore thouſand and ſixteen perſons within this ſevennight; then *I* conſidered, calculated and found, that it was a rank and unſavoury breathing, which came out of *Pantagruels* ſtomack, when he did eat ſo much garlick, as we have aforeſaid.

Parting from thence, I paſt amongſt the rocks, which were his teeth, and never left walking till *I* got up on one of them; and there *I* found the pleaſanteſt places in the world. great large tennis-Courts, faire galleries, ſweet meddows, ſtore of Vines, and an infinite number of banqueting ſummer out-houſes in the fields, after the *Italian* faſhion, full of pleaſure and delight, where I ſtayed full foure moneths, and never made better cheer in my life as then. After that I went

went down by the hinder teeth to comt to the chaps; but in the way *I* was robbed by thieves in a great forreſt, that is in the territory towards the eares: then (after, a little further travelling) *I* fell upon a pretty petty village, (truly *I* have forgot the name of it) where *I* was yet merrier then ever, and got ſome certain money to live by, can you tell how? by ſleeping; for there they hire men by the day to ſleep, and they get by it ſix pence a day, but they that can ſnort hard get at leaſt nine pence. How *I* had been robbed in the valley *I* informed the Senators, who told me that in very truth the people of that ſide were bad livers, and naturally theeviſh, whereby I perceived well, that as we have with us the Countreys *ciſalpin* and *tranſalpine*, that is, behither and beyond the mountains, ſo have they there the Countreys *cidentine* and *tradentine*, that is, behither and beyond the teeth: but it is farre better living on this ſide, and the aire is purer. There *I* began to think, that it is very true which is commonly ſaid, that the one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth; ſeeing none before my ſelf had ever written of that Countrey, wherein are above five and twenty Kingdomes inhabited, beſides deſerts, and a great arme of the ſea: concerning which purpoſe, *I* have compoſed a great book intituled

tuled *The Hiſtory of the* Throttias, becauſe they dwell in the throat of my Maſter *Pantagruel.*

At laſt I was willing to return, and paſſing by his beard, I caſt my ſelf upon his ſhoulders, and from thence ſlid down to the ground, and fell before him: aſſoon as I was perceived by him, he asked me, Whence comeſt thou, *Alcoſribas?* I anſwered him, Out of your mouth, *my Lord?* and how long haſt thou been there? ſaid he. Since the time (ſaid I) that you went againſt the *Almirods*; That is, about ſix moneths ago, ſaid he: and wherewith didſt thou live? what didſt thou drink? I anſwered, My Lord, of the ſame that you did, and of the daintieſt morſels that paſt through your throat I took toll: Yea, but ſaid he, where didſt thou ſhite? In your throat (my Lord) ſaid I: Ha, ha, thou art a merry fellow, ſaid he. We have with the help of God conquered all the land of the *Dipſodes*, I will give thee the *Chaſtelleine*, or Lairdſhip of *Salmigondin*; Grammercy, my Lord, ſaid I, you gratifie me beyond all that I have deſerved of you.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

How Pantagruel *became ſick, and the manner how he was recovered.*

A While after this the good *Pantagruel* fell ſick, and had ſuch an obſtruction in his ſtomack, that he could neither eate nor drink: and becauſe miſchief ſeldome comes alone, a hot piſſe ſeiſed on him, which tormented him more then you would beleeve: His *Phyſicians* nevertheleſſe helped him very well, and with ſtore of lenitives and diuretick drugs made him piſſe away his paine: his urine was ſo hot, that ſince that time it is not yet cold, and you have of it in divers places of *France*, according to the courſe that it took, and they are called the hot Baths, as

At *Coderets.*
At *Limous.*
At *Daſt.*
At *Ballervie.*
At *Nerie.*
At *Bourbonanſie* and elſewhere in *Italie.*
At *Mongros.*
At *Appone.*
At *Sancto Petro de Adua.*

At *St. Helen.*
At *Casa Nuova.*
At St. *Bartolomee* in the County of *Boulogne.*
At the *Lorrette,* and a thousand other places.

And *I* wonder much at a rabble of foolish Philosophers and Physicians, who spend their time in disputing, whence the heat of the said waters cometh, whether it be by reason of *Borax*, or sulphur, or allum, or salt-peter that is within the mine; for they do nothing but dote, and better were it for them to rub their arse against a thistle, then to waste away their time thus in disputing of that, whereof they know not the original; for the resolution is easie, neither need we to enquire any further, then that the said baths came by a hot pisse of the good *Pantagruel.*

Now to tell you after what manner he was cured of his principal disease; *I* let passe how for a *minorative*, or gentle potion, he took foure hundred pound weight of *Colophoniack Scammonee:* six score and eighteen cart-loads of *Cassia:* an eleven thousand and nine hundred pound weight of *Rubarb*, besides other confused jumblings of sundry drugs: You must understand, that by the advice of the *Physicians*, it was ordained that what did offend his stomach should be taken away; and therefore they made seventeen great balls of copper, each whereof was bigger

ger then that which is to be ſeen on the top of St. *Peters* needle at *Rome*, and in ſuch ſort, that they did open in the midſt, and ſhut with a ſpring. Into one of them entered one of his men carrying a Lanterne and a torch lighted, and ſo *Pantagruel* ſwallowed him down like a little pill: into ſeven others went ſeven Countrey-fellows, having every one of them a ſhovel on his neck: into nine others entred nine wood-carriers, having each of them a basket hung at his neck, and ſo were they ſwallowed down like pills: when they were in his ſtomack, every one undid his ſpring, and came out of their cabins: the firſt whereof was he that carried the Lantern, and ſo they fell more then half a league into a moſt horrible gulph, more ſtinking and infectious then ever was *Mephitis*, or the mariſhes of *Camerina*, or the abominably unſavoury lake of *Sorbona*, whereof *Strabo* maketh mention. And had it not been, that they had very well antidoted their ſtomach, heart and wine-pot, which is called the noddle, they had been altogether ſuffocated and choaked with theſe deteſtable vapours. O what a perfume! O what an evaporation wherewith to beray the masks or muflers of young mangie queans: after that with groping and ſmelling they came near to the fecal matter and the corrupted humours; finally they

they found a *montjoy* or heap of ordure and filth: then fell the Pioneers to work to dig it up, and the reſt with their ſhovels filled the baskets; and when all was cleanſed, every one retired himſelf into his ball.

This done, P*antagruel* enforcing himſelf to a vomit, very eaſily brought them out, and they made no more ſhew in his mouth, then a fart in yours: but when they came merrily out of their pills, I thought upon the *Grecians* coming out of the *Trojan* horſe: by this meanes was he healed, and brought unto his former ſtate and convaleſcence; and of theſe brazen pills, or rather copper-balls, you have one at *Orleans*, upon the ſteeple of the Holy Croſſe Church.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

The Concluſion of this preſent Book, and the excuſe of the Author.

NOw (my Maſters) you have heard a beginning of the horrifick hiſtory of my Lord and Maſter *Pantagruel*: Here will I make an end of the firſt book; My head akes a little, and I perceive that the Regiſters of my braine, are ſomewhat jumbled and diſordered with this ſeptembral juice. You ſhall have the reſt of the hiſtory at *Franckfort mart* next coming, and there ſhall you ſee how *Panurge* was married and made a Cuckold within a moneth after his wedding: how *Pantagruel* found out the Philoſophers ſtone, the manner how he found it, and the way how to uſe it: how he paſt over the *Caſpian* mountaines, and how he ſailed thorough the *Atlantick* ſea, defeated the *Cannibals*, and conquered the iſles of *Perles*, how he married the daughter of the King of *India*, called *Preſian*, how he fought againſt the devil, and burnt up five chambers of hell, ranſacked the great black chamber, threw *Proſerpina* into the fire, broke

broke five teeth to *Lucifer*, and the horne that was in his arſe. How he viſited the regions of the Moon, to know whether indeed the Moon were not entire and whole, or if the women had three quarters of it in their heads, and a thouſand other little merriments all veritable. Theſe are brave things truly; Good night, Gentlemen, *Perdonate mi*, and think not ſo much upon my faults, that you forget your own. If you ſay to me, (Maſter) it would ſeem that you were not very wiſe in writing to us theſe flimflam ſtories, and pleaſant fooleries:

I anſwer you, that you are not much wiſer to ſpend your time in reading them: nevertheleſſe, if you read them to make your ſelves merry, as in manner of paſtime *I* wrote them, you and *I* both are farre more worthy of pardon, then a great rabble of ſquint-minded fellowes, diſſembling and counterfeit Saints, demure lookers, hypocrites, pretended zealots, tough Fryars, buskin-Monks, and other ſuch ſects of men, who diſguiſe themſelves like Maskers to deceive the world, for whileſt they give the common people to nnderſtand, that they are buſied about nothing but contemplation and devotion in faſtings, and maceration of their ſenſuality; and that only to ſuſtain and aliment the ſmall frailty of their humanity: *It* is ſo far otherwiſe, that on the contrary

(God

(God knows) what cheer they make, *Et Curios ſimulant, ſed bacchanalia vivunt.* You may reade it in great letters, in the colouring of their red ſnowts, and gulching bellies as big as a tun, unleſſe it be when they perfume themſelves with ſulphur; as for their ſtudy it is wholly taken up in reading of *Pantagruelin* books, not ſo much to paſſe the time merrily, as to hurt ſome one or other miſchievouſly, to wit, in *articling*, *ſole-articling*, *wry-neckifying*, *buttock-ſtirring*, *ballocking*, and *diabliculating*, that is, calumniating; wherein they are like unto the poor rogues of a village, that are buſie in ſtirring up and ſcraping in the ordure and filth of little children, in the ſeaſon of cherries and guinds, and that only to finde the kernels, that they may ſell them to the druggiſts, to make thereof pomander-oile. Fly from theſe men, abhorre and hate them as much as *I* do, and upon my faith yon will finde your ſelves the better for it. And if you deſire to be good *Pantagruel ſts* (that is to ſay, to live in peace, joy, health, making your ſelves alwayes merry) never truſt thoſe men that alwayes peep out at one hole.

The End of the Second Book of Rabelais.

FINIS.

1992